

THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION,  
— IN SEVEN —  
SATIRES  
COMPLETE.

SATIRE I. and II. To his Grace the Duke  
of *Dorset*.

SATIRE III. To the Right Honourable  
Mr. *Dodington*.

SATIRE IV. To Sir *Spencer Compton*.

SATIRE V. On Women.

SATIRE VI. To the Right Honourable  
the Lady *Elizabeth Germain*.

SATIRE VII. To the Right Honourable Sir  
*Robert Walpole*.

---

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel* and  
*Bible* in *Dame's-Street*, M, DCC, XXVIII.

4



For the purpose of the  
British Museum, London



LOVE of F A M E,  
N. THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
I N  
Seven CHARACTERISTICAL  
S A T I R E S.

---

-----*Fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria curru*  
*Non minus ignotos, generosis.* H O R.

---

The SECOND EDITION Corrected.

---

---

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel* and  
*Bible* in *Dame's-street*, MDCCLXXVIII.





# P R E F A C E.



THESE Satires have been favourably received at home, and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person thro' all the Characters; tho' some persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, that admission they give him to his superiors, and the possible good effect they may have on the publick; or else he should join to his Politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible that Satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abus'd by others. It is much *to be fear'd* that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by *Satire*; all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that misconduct will *certainly* be never chased out

## P R E F A C E.

of the world by Satire, if no Satires are written. Which is applicable, likewise, to graver compositions. *Ethicks* Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves are, in a great measure, a *Satire* on the weakness, and iniquity of men; and some part of that sacred Satire is in verse, too. Nay in the first ages, Philosophy and Poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress. So that, I hope, these Satires will be the more easily pardon'd that misfortune by the Severe. If they like not the fashion, let them take them by the weight; for some weight they have, or the Author has fail'd of his aim. Nay, *Historians* themselves may be consider'd as Satirists, and Satirists most severe; since such are most human Actions, that to *relate*, is to *expose* them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be mov'd; for the general conduct of mankind is, by no means, a thing *indifferent*, to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts our selves least, and gives vice, and folly the greatest offence: And that for *this* reason; because what men aim at by them, is, generally, publick opinion, and esteem. Which truth is the subject of the following Satires; and joins



## P R E F A C E.

joins them together, as several branches from the same root. An unity of design, which has not (I think) in a set of Satires been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; whatever some may teach. For to reason we owe our passions; had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss. And the *cause* seems not to be the natural cure of any *effect*.

Moreover, *laughing Satire* bids the fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious Tutor: And when an Author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of Satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy *Horace* is the best master: He appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from Judgment, not from Passion. *Juvenal* is ever in a passion; he has little valuable but his Eloquence, and Morality: The last of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation, than imitation, thro' my whole work.

But tho' I, comparatively, condemn *Juvenal*, in part of the sixth Satire (where the occasion most requir'd it) I endeavour'd to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit  
it

## P R E F A C E.

it soon, as disagreeable to the Writer, and Reader too. *Boileau* has joyn'd both the *Roman* Satirists with great success ; but has too much of *Juvenal* in his very serious Satire on Women, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critick of our own commends *Boileau's* closeness, or, as he calls it, *pressness*, particularly : Whereas it appears to me, that Repetition is his fault ; if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some Prose-Satirists of the greatest Delicacy, and Wit ; the last of which can never, or should never, succeed, without the former. An Author, without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself ; which are bad Advocates for reputation, and success. What a difference is there between the *merit*, if not the *wit* of *Cervantes*, and *Rabelais* ? The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of Genius, and Learning into frolick, and jest ; but the Genius, and the Scholar is all you can admire ; you want the Gentleman to converse with, in him. He is like a criminal who receives his life for some services ; you commend, but you pardon, too. Indecency offends our pride, as men, and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition. Nature has wisely form'd us with an aversion to it : And he that succeeds in spite of it, is, \* *aliena venia, quam sua providentia Tutor*.

\* Val. Max.

Such

## P R E F A C E.

Such Wits, like false Oracles of old, (which were Wits, and Cheats,) should set up for reputation among the *weak*; in some *Bæotia*, which was the land of Oracles; for the *wise* will hold them in contempt. Some Wits too, like Oracles, deal in *ambiguities*; but not with equal success; for tho' ambiguities are the *first* excellence of an Impostor, they are the *last* of a Wit.

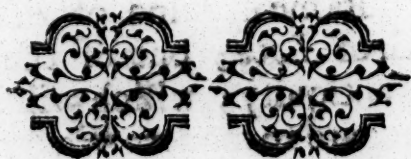
Some Satyrical Wits, and Humorists like their Father *Lucian*, laugh at every thing indiscriminately; which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and such a want of virtue, as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage Vice and Folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things: And while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should escape? Some *French* writers, particularly, are guilty of this, in matters of the last consequence, and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a *wit* a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of *Plato's* fable of the birth of *Love*; one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern *Poetry*. Love, says he, is the son of the Goddess Poverty, and

## P R E F A C E.

and the god *Riches* ; he has from his *father*, his daring Genius, his Elevation of thought, his building castles in the Air ; his prodigality ; his neglect of things serious and useful ; his vain opinion of his own merit, and his affectation of preference, and distinction. From his *mother*, he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours ; that importunity, with which he begs ; his flattery ; his servility ; his fear of being despis'd, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made, (*viz.*) That Poetry, like Love, is a little subject to *blindness*, which makes her mistake her way to preferments, and honours ; that, she has her Satyrical *Quiver* ; and lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration for her *father's* family ; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother's* relations.

However, this is not *necessity* but *choice* ; were Wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father, than the mother ; especially in such an Age as this, which shows a due passion for her charms.





THE  
Universal Passion.  
SATIRE I.

To His GRACE the  
Duke of DORSET.

---

*Tanto major Fama fitis est, quàm  
Virtutis.*

---

JUV. SAT. 10.



---

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL, for GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel*  
and *Bible* in *Dame's-street*, M DCC XXVII.





# S A T I R E I.

To His GRACE the

Duke of DORSET.

**M**Y Verse is Satire ; DORSET, lend your Ear;  
And patronize a Muse You cannot fear.  
To Poets sacred is a DORSET's Name,  
Their wanted Passport thro' the Gates of Fame;  
It Bribes the partial Reader into Praise,  
And throws a Glory round the shelter'd Lays;  
The dazzled Judgment fewer Faults can see,  
And gives Applause to B—e, or to Me.  
But You decline the Mistress we pursue ;  
Others are fond of *Fame*, but *Fame* of You.

INSTRUCTIVE Satire, true to Virtue's Cause!  
 Thou shining Supplement of publick Laws!  
 When *Flatter'd Crimes* of a licentious Age  
 Reproach our Silence, and demand our Rage;  
 When *Purchas'd Follies* from each distant Land,  
 Like Arts, improve in *Britain's* skilful Hand;  
 When the *Law* shews her Teeth, but dares not bite,  
 And *South-sea* Treasures are not brought to light;  
 When *Churchmen* Scripture for the Classics quit,  
 Polite Apostates from God's Grace to Wit;  
 When Men grow Great from their Revenue spent,  
 And fly from Bailiffs into Parliament;  
 When dying Sinners, to blot out their Score,  
 Bequeath the Church the Leavings of a Whore;  
 To chafe our Spleen when Themes like these increase,  
 Shall Panegyrick reign, and Censure cease?

SHALL Poesy, like Law, turn wrong to right,  
 And Dedications wash an *Æthiop* white,  
 Set up each senseless Wretch for Nature's Boast,  
 On whom Praise shines as Trophies on a Post?  
 Shall Funeral Eloquence her Colours spread,  
 And scatter Roses on the wealthy Dead?

Shall



Shall Authors smile on these illustrious Days,  
And satirize with nothing—but their Praise?

WHY slumbers *Pope*, who leads the tuneful Train,  
Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?  
*Donne*, *Dorset*, *Dryden*, *Rocheſter* are dead,  
And Guilt's chief Foe in *Addiſon* is fled;  
*Congreve*, who crown'd with Lawrels fairly won,  
Sits ſmiling at the Goal while Others run,  
He will not write; and (more provoking ſtill!)  
Ye Gods! He will not write, and *Mevius* will.

DOUBLY diſtreſt, what Author ſhall we find  
Diſcreetly Daring, and ſeverely Kind,  
The Courtly \* *Roman*'s ſhining Path to tread,  
And ſharply ſmile prevailing Folly dead?  
Will no ſuperior Genius ſnatch the Quill,  
And ſave me, on the Brink, from writing Ill?  
Tho' vain the Strife, I'll ſtrive my Voice to raiſe.  
What will not Men attempt for ſacred Praise?

THE *Love of Praise*, howe'er conceal'd by Art,  
Reigns more, or leſs, and glows in every Heart:  
The Proud to gain it toils on Toils endure,  
The Modest ſhun it, but to make it ſure.

\* *Horace*.

O'er

O'er Globes, and Scepters, now, on Thrones it fweils,  
 Now, trims the Midnight Lamp in College-cells.  
 'Tis Tory, Whig ; it Plots, Prays, Preaches, Pleads,  
 Harangues in Senates, Squeaks in Masquerades.  
 Here, to *S*—*e*'s Humour makes a bold Pretence,  
 There, bolder aims at *P*—*y*'s Eloquence.  
 It aids the Dancer's Heel, the Writer's Head,  
 And heaps the plain with Mountains of the Dead;  
 Nor ends with Life ; but nods in fable Plumes,  
 Adorns our Herse, and Flatters on our Tombs,

WHAT is not *Proud*? The *Pimp* is proud to see  
 So many like himself in high Degree:  
 The *Whore* is proud her Beauties are the Dread  
 Of peevish Virtue, and the Marriage-bed;  
 And the brib'd *Cuckold*, like crown'd Victims born  
 To slaughter, glories in his Gilded Horn.

SOME go to Church, *Proud* humbly to repent,  
 And come back much more guilty than they went:  
 One way they look, another way they steer,  
 Pray to the Gods; but would have Mortals hear;  
 And when their Sins they set sincerely down,  
 They'll find that their Religion has been One.

OTHERS

OTHERS with wishful Eyes on *Glory* look,  
 When they have got their *Picture* tow'rd's a Book,  
 Or pompous *Title*, like a gawdy Sign  
 Meant to betray dull Sots to wretched Wine.  
 If at his *Title* T—— had dropt his Quill,  
 T—— might have past for a great Genius still;  
 But T—— alas! (excuse him, if you can)  
 Is now a Scribler, who was once a Man.

IMPERIOUS some a Classic *Fame* demand,  
 For heaping up with a laborious Hand  
 A Waggon-load of Meanings for one Word,  
 While *A*'s depos'd, and *B* with Pomp restor'd.

SOME for *Renown* on Scraps of Learning doat,  
 And think they grow Immortal as they *Quote*.  
 To Patch-work learn'd Quotations are ally'd,  
 Both strive to make our Poverty our Pride.

ON *Glass* how witty is a noble Peer?  
 Did ever Diamond cost a Man so dear?

POLITE Diseases make some Ideots *vain*,  
 Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

ON Death-beds some in conscious *Glory* lye,  
 Since of the Doctor in the mode they die;  
 Whose wond'rous Skill is, Headsmen-like, to know  
 For better Pay to give a surer Blow.

OF Folly, Vice, Disease, Men proud we see;  
 And (stranger still!) of Blockhead's Flattery,  
 Whose Praise defames; as if a Fool shou'd mean  
 By spitting on your Face to make it clean.

NOR is't enough all Hearts are swoln with *Pride*,  
 Her Power is mighty, as her Realm is wide.  
 What can she not perform? The Love of Fame  
 Made bold *Alphonfus* his Creator blame,  
*Empedocles* hurl'd down the burning Steep,  
 And (stronger still!) made *Alexander* weep.  
 Nay, it holds *Delia* from a second Bed,  
 Tho' her lov'd Lord has four half Months been dead.

THIS Passion with a Pimple have I seen  
 Retard a Cause, and give a Judge the Spleen.  
 By *this* inspir'd (O! ne'er to be forgot)  
 Some Lords have learnt to Spell, and some to Knot.  
 It makes *Globose* a Speaker in the House;  
 He hems, and is deliver'd of his Mouse;  
 It makes *Dear Self* on well-bred Tongues prevail,  
 And *I* the *Little Hero* of each Tale.

SICK with the *Love of Fame* what Throngs pour in,  
 Unpeople Court, and leave the Senate thin?

My



My growing Subject seems but just begun,  
 And, Chariot-like, I kindle as I run.  
 Aid me, great *Homer*! with thy *Epic* Rules  
 To take a Catalogue of *British* Fools.  
 Satire, had I thy *Dorset*'s Force divine,  
 A Knave, or Fool shou'd perish in each Line;  
 Tho' for the First all *Westminster* should plead,  
 And for the Last all *Gresham* intercede.

BEGIN. Who first the *Catalogue* shall grace?  
 To *Quality* belongs the highest Place.  
 My Lord comes forward; forward let him come!  
 Ye Vulgar! at your Peril give him room:  
 He stands for *Fame* on his Forefathers' Feet,  
 By Heraldry prov'd valiant, or discreet.  
 With what a decent Pride he throws his Eyes  
 Above the Man by three Descents less Wise?  
 If Virtues at his noble Hands you crave,  
 You bid him raise his Fathers from the Grave.  
 Men should press forward in Fame's glorious Chace,  
 Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the Race.

LET high Birth triumph! What can be more great?  
 Nothing—but Merit in a low Estate.

To

To Virtue's humblest Son let none prefer  
 Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.  
 Shall Men, like *Figures*, pass for high, or base,  
 Slight, or important, only by their Place?  
 Titles are Marks of Honest Men, and Wise;  
 The Fool, or Knave that wears a Title, lies.

THEY that on glorious Ancestors inlarge,  
 Produce their Debt instead of their Discharge.  
*Dorset*, let those who proudly boast their Line,  
 Like thee, in worth Hereditary shine.

VAIN as false Greatness is, the Muse must own  
 We want not Fools to buy that *Bristol* Stone.  
 Mean Sons of Earth, who on a *South-sea* Tide  
 Of full Success swam into Wealth, and Pride,  
 Knock with a Purse of Gold at *Anstis*' Gate,  
 And beg to be Descended from the Great.

WHEN Men of Infamy to Grandeur soar,  
 They light a Torch to shew their Shame the more:  
 Those Governments which curb not Evils, Cause;  
 And a rich Knave's a Libel on our Laws.

BELUS with sol'd *Glory* will be crown'd;  
 He buys no Phantom, no vain empty Sound,

But

But *Builds* himself a Name; and to be great,  
 Sinks in a Quarry an immense Estate;  
 In Cost and Grandieur *Ch—dos* he'll out-do,  
 And, *B—L—ton*, thy Taste is not so true.  
 The Pile is finish'd, every Toil is past,  
 And full Perfection is arriv'd at last;  
 When lo! my Lord to some small Corner runs,  
 And leaves State-rooms to Strangers, and to Duns.

THE Man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,  
 Provides a Home from which to run away.  
 In *Britain* what is many a lordly Seat  
 But a Discharge in full for an Estate?

IN smaller Compass lies *Pygmalion's* Fame;  
 Not Domes, but Antique Statues are his Flame.  
 Not *F—t—n's* self more *Parian* Charms has known;  
 Nor is good *P—b—ke*, more in love with Stone.  
 The Bailiff's come (rude Men, prophanely bold!)  
 And bid him turn his *Venus* into Gold.  
 " No, Sirs, he crys, I'll sooner rot in Jail.  
 " Shall *Grecian* Arts be truckt for *English* Bail? "  
 Such Heads might make their very *Busto's* laugh.  
 His Daughter starves, but \* *Cleopatra's* safe.

MEN

\* *A famous Statue.*

MEN overloaded with a large Estate  
 May spill their Treasure in a nice Conceit;  
 The Rich may be polite, but Oh! 'tis sad  
 To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad,  
 By your Revenue measure your Expence,  
 And to your Funds and Acres join your Sense!  
 No Man is blest by Accident, or Guess,  
 True Wisdom is the Price of Happiness;  
 Yet few without long Discipline are sage,  
 And Youth does only lay up Sighs for Age.

BUT how, my Muse, canst thou resist so long  
 The bright Temptation of the Courtly Throng,  
 Thy most inviting Theme? the *Court* affords  
 Much Food for Satire, it abounds in Lords.  
 "What Lords are those saluting with a grin?"  
 One is just *out*, and One as lately *in*.  
 "How comes it then to pass we see preside  
 "On both their Brows an equal share of Pride?"  
 Pride, that impartial Passion, reigns thro' all,  
 Attends our Glory, nor deserts our Fall.  
 As in its Home, it triumphs in High-place,  
 And frowns a haughty Exile in Disgrace.

Some



Some Lords it bids admire their Wands so white,  
 Which bloom, like *Aaron's*, to their ravish'd Sight;  
 Some Lords it bids resign, and turns their Wands,  
 Like *Moses*, into Serpents in their Hands.  
 These sink, as Divers, for Renown; and boast  
 With Pride inverted of their Honours lost.  
 But against Reason sure 'tis equal Sin  
 To boast of meerly being *out*, or *in*.

WHAT Numbers, *Here*, thro' odd Ambition strive  
 To seem the most transported Things alive?  
 As if by Joy Desert was understood,  
 And all the Fortunate were Wise, or Good.  
 Hence aching Bosoms wear a Visage gay;  
 And stifled Groans frequent the Ball, and Play.  
 Compleatly drest by \* *Montenil* and Grimace,  
 They take their Birth-day Suit, and Publick Face;  
 Their Smiles are only part of what they wear,  
 Put off at Night with Lady B—'s Hair.  
 What bodily Fatigue is half so bad?  
 With anxious Care they labour to be glad.

WHAT Numbers, *Here*, would into Fame advance,  
 Conscious of Merit in the Coxcomb's Dance?

The

\* *A Famous Taylor;*

The Tavern! Park! Assembly! Mask, and Play!  
 Those dear Destroyers of the Tedious Day!  
 That Wheel of Fops! that Saunter of the Town!  
 Call it Diversion, and the Pill goes down;  
 Fools grin on Fools, and *Stoic*-like, support  
 Without one Sigh the Pleasures of a Court.  
 Courts can give nothing to the Wise, and Good,  
 But scorn of Pomp, and Love of Solitude.  
 High Stations Tumult, but not Bliss create,  
 None think the Great unhappy but the Great;  
 Fools gaze, and envy; Envy darts a Sting,  
 Which makes the Swain as wretched as the King.

I ENVY none their Pageantry, and Show,  
 I envy none the Gilding of their Wo.  
 Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,  
 And guiltless Heart to range the sylvan Scene.  
 No splendid Poverty, no smiling Care,  
 No well-bred Hate, or servile Grandeur There;  
 There pleasing Objects useful Thoughts suggest,  
 The Sense is ravish'd, and the Soul is blest;  
 On every Thorn delightful Wisdom grows,  
 In every Rill a sweet Instruction flows:  
 But some unheedful hear the whisp'ring Rill,  
 In sight of sacred Leisure Blockheads still;

Nor

Nor shoots up Folly to a nobler Bloom  
In her one native Soil the Drawing-room.

THE *Squire* is *Proud* to see his Courser Strain,  
Or well-breath'd Beagles sweep along the Plain.  
Say, dear *Hippolitus*, (whose drink is Ale,  
Whose Erudition is a *Christmas*-tale,  
Whose Mistress is saluted with a Smack,  
And Friend receiv'd with Thumps upon the Back)  
When thy sleek Gelding nimbly leaps the Mound,  
And *Ringwood* opens on the tainted Ground,  
Is that *thy* Praise? Let *Ringwood's* Fame alone,  
Just *Ringwood* leaves each Animal his own,  
Nor envies when a Gypsy You Commit,  
And shake the clumsy Bench with Country Wit;  
When you the dullest of dull Things have said,  
And then ask pardon for the Jest you made.

HERE breath, my Muse! and then thy Task renew;  
Ten thousand Fools unsung are still in View.  
Fewer Lay-atheists made by Church-debates;  
Fewer Great Beggars fam'd for large Estates;  
Ladies, whose Love is constant as the Wind;  
Cits, who prefer a Guinea to Mankind;

Fewer

Fewer the Lords to *Scr*—*pe* that humbly bend;  
Fewer the Shocks a Statesman gives his Friend.

Is there a man o' an eternal Vein,  
Who lulls the Town in Winter with his strain,  
At *Bath* in Summer chants the reigning Lads,  
And sweetly whistles as the Waters pass?  
Is there a Tongue, like *Delia's* o'er her Cup,  
That runs for Ages without winding up?  
Is there, whom his Tenth *Epic* mounts to Fame?  
Such, and such only might exhaust my Theme;  
Nor would these Heroes of the Task be glad;  
For who can write so fast as Men run mad.

*F I N I S.*





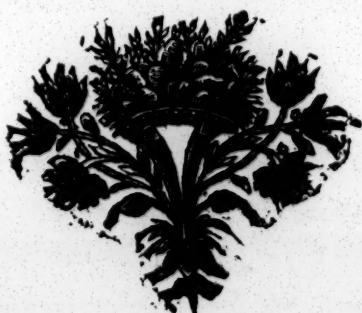
LOVE of FAME,  
THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE II.

---

*Tanto major Fama sitis est, quàm Virtutis.*

JUV. Sat. 10.

---



---

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel* and  
*Bible* in *Dame's-street*, MDCCXXVIII.





# S A T I R E II.



Y Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end,  
 Tho' *toil* and *danger* the bold task attend;  
*Heroes* and *Gods* make other poems fine,  
 Plain Satire calls for *sense* in every line;

Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose?  
 All friends to *vice*, and *folly* are thy foes;  
 When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage,  
 'Tis most Ill-nature to *repress* thy rage;  
 And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,  
 I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write.

S o weak are human kind by nature made,  
 Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,

Almighty Vanity ! to thee they owe  
 Their *zest* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.  
 Thou like the Sun, all *colours* dost contain,  
 Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain ;  
 For every soul finds reasons to be proud,  
 Tho' hiss'd, and hooted by the pointing crowd.

WARM in pursuit of Foxes, and Renown,  
 \* *Hippolitus* demands the *Sylvan* crown ;  
 But *Florio's* Fame, the product of a shower,  
 Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower !  
 Why teems the Earth ? why melt the vernal Skies ?  
 Why shines the Sun ? to make † *Paul Diack* rise.  
 From morn to night has *Florio* gazing stood,  
 And wonder'd how the Gods could be so good.  
 What shape ? what hue ? was ever nymph so fair ?  
 He doats ! he dies ! he too is *rooted* there.  
 O solid bliss ! which nothing can destroy,  
 Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.  
 In Fame's full bloom lies *Florio* down at night,  
 And wakes next day a most inglorious wight ;

---

\* This refers to the first Satire.

† The name of a Tulip.



The Tulip's dead! see thy fair Sister's fate,  
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

N O R are those enemies I mention'd all;  
Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.  
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;  
A Quaker serv'd him, *Adam* was his name.  
To one lov'd Tulip oft the master went,  
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;  
But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour.  
He rag'd! he roar'd! " what *Damon* cropt my flower?  
Serene, quoth *Adam*, lo! 'twas crush'd by me;  
" Fall'n is the *Baal* to which thou bowd'st thy knee."

" B U T all men want *amusement*, and what crime  
" In such a Paradise to fool their time?"  
None; but why proud of this? to Fame they soar;  
We grant *they're Idle*, if they'll ask no more.

W E smile at Florists, we despise their joy,  
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy;  
But are those wiser whom we most admire,  
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?  
What's he, who fights for wealth, or fame, or power?  
Another *Florio* doating on a flower,  
A short-liv'd flower, and which has often sprung  
From fordid arts, as *Florio's* out of dung.

Almighty Vanity ! to thee they owe  
 Their *zest* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.  
 Thou like the Sun, all *colours* dost contain,  
 Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain ;  
 For every soul finds reasons to be proud,  
 Tho' hiss'd, and hooted by the pointing crowd.

WARM in pursuit of Foxes, and Renown,  
 \* *Hippolitus* demands the *Sylvan* crown ;  
 But *Florio's* Fame, the product of a shower,  
 Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower !  
 Why teems the Earth ? why melt the vernal Skies ?  
 Why shines the Sun ? to make † *Paul Diack* rise.  
 From morn to night has *Florio* gazing stood,  
 And wonder'd how the Gods could be so good.  
 What shape ? what hue ? was ever nymph so fair ?  
 He doats ! he dies ! he too is *rooted* there.  
 O solid bliss ! which nothing can destroy,  
 Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.  
 In Fame's full bloom lies *Florio* down at night,  
 And wakes next day a most inglorious wight ;

---

\* This refers to the first Satire.

† The name of a Tulip.

The Tulip's dead ! see thy fair Sister's fate,  
O C——— ! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

N O R are those enemies I mention'd all ;  
Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.

A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame ;

A Quaker serv'd him, *Adam* was his name,

To one lov'd Tulip oft the master went,

Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent ;

But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour.

He rag'd ! he roar'd ! “ what *Demon* cropt my flower ?

Serene, quoth *Adam*, lo ! 'twas crush'd by me ;

“ Fall'n is the *Baal* to which thou bowd'st thy knee.”

“ B U T all men want *amusement*, and what crime

“ In such a Paradise to fool their time ?”

None ; but why proud of this ? to Fame they soar ;

We grant *they're Idle*, if they'll ask no more.

W E smile at Florists, we despise their joy,

And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy ;

But are those wiser whom we most admire,

Survey with envy, and pursue with fire ?

What's he, who fights for wealth, or fame, or power ?

Another *Florio* doating on a flower,

A short-liv'd flower, and which has often sprung

From sordid arts, as *Florio's* out of dung.

WITH what, O *Codrus*! is thy fancy smit?  
 The *flower* of Learning, and the *bloom* of Wit.  
 Thy gawdy shelves with crimson Bindings glow,  
 And *Epictetus* is a perfect Beau.  
 How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,  
 Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?  
 Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard  
 That Science should be purchas'd by the yard,  
 And T———n turn'd Upholsterer, send home  
 The gilded Leather to *fit up* thy room.

IF not to some peculiar end assign'd,  
*Study's* the specious trifling of the mind;  
 Or is at best a secondary aim,  
 A chace for *sport* alone, and not for *game*;  
 If so, sure they who the meer *volume* prize,  
 But love the thicket where the *quarry* lyes.

ON buying books *Lorenzo* long was bent,  
 But found at length that it reduc'd his rent,  
 His farms were flown; when lo! a Sale comes on,  
 A choice Collection! what is to be done?  
 He sells his *last*; for he the whole will buy;  
 Sells ev'n his house, nay wants whereon to lye;  
 So high the generous ardor of the man,  
 For *Romans*, *Greeks*, and *Oriental*s ran.



When Terms were drawn, and brought him by the Clerk,  
*Lorenzo* sign'd the bargain ——— with his *mark*.

Unlearned men of books assume the care,  
 As Eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

N O T in his author's *liveries* alone  
 Is *Codrus*' Erudite ambition shown?  
 Editions various, at high prices bought,  
 Inform the world what *Codrus* would be *thought*;  
 And, to this cost, another must succeed,  
 To pay a Sage, who *says* that he can read,  
 Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen;  
 But leaves to ——— what lies between,  
 Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,  
 And humbly is contented with their *sense*.

O ——— whose Accomplishments make good  
 The *promise* of a long-illustrious Blood,  
 In *arts*, and *manners* eminently grac'd,  
 The strictest *honour*! and the finest *taste*!  
 Accept this verse; if Satire can agree  
 With so consummate an *humanity*.

B Y your example would *Hilario* mend,  
 How would it grace the talents of my Friend,

Who with the charms of his own genius smit,  
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in Wit?

But time his fervent petulance may cool;  
For tho' he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.

In time he'll learn to *use*, not *waste* his sense,  
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.

His brisk attack on *blockheads* we should prize,  
Were not his jest as flippant with the *wife*.

He spares nor friend, nor foe; but calls to mind,  
Like *Doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind.

WHAT tho' *wit* tickles? Tickling is unfate,  
If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.

Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,  
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

*Parts* may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd;  
Then, draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword*,  
And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear  
As *thereno Hero*, no great *Genius here*.

As in smooth oyl the razor best is whet,  
So *wit* is by *politeness* sharpest set,  
Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen;  
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

The *same* Men give is for the *joy* they find;  
*Dall* is the jester, when the *joke's unkind*.

SINCE *Marcus*, doubtless, thinks himself a Wit,  
 To pay my compliment what place so fit?  
 His most facetious \* letters came to hand,  
 Which my first Satire sweetly reprimand.  
 If that a *just* offence to *Marcus* gave,  
 Say, *Marcus*, which, art thou a *fool*, or *knaves*?  
 For all but such with caution I forbore;  
 That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before.  
 I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;  
 No mask so good, but *Marcus*'s must shine through;  
 False names are vain, thy lines their author tell,  
 Thy best concealment had been writing *well*;  
 But thou a brave neglect of *Fame* hast shown,  
 Of *others*' fame, great Genius! and thy *own*.  
 Write on unheeded, and this maxim know;  
 The man who *pardons*, *disappoints* his foe.

IN malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull  
 Their *peevish* reason, vain of being Dull;  
 When some home joke has stung their *solemn* souls,  
 In vengeance they determine ——— to be *fools*;  
 Thro' spleen, that *little* nature gave, make *less*,  
 Quite zealous in the ways of *heaviness*;

---

\* *Letters sent to the Author, sign'd Marcus.*

To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take,  
 And disinherit sons that are *awake*.  
 These, when their utmost venom they would spit,  
 Most barbarously tell you — “ *he’s a wit.*”  
 Poor *Negroes*, thus, to shew their burning spight  
 To *Cacodæmons*, say, they’re *dev’lish white*.

*Lampridius* from the bottom of his breast  
 Sighs o’er one child, but triumphs in the rest.  
 How just his *Grief*? one carries in his head  
 A less proportion of the father’s lead;  
 And is in danger, without special grace,  
 To rise above a Justice of the peace.  
 The *dunghil-breed* of men a *Diamond* scorn,  
 And feel a passion for a *grain of corn*,  
 Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,  
 Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,  
 Who with *much* pains exerting *all* his sense,  
 Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.  
 The booby-father craves a booby-son,  
 And by Heav’n’s *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.

WANTS of all kinds are made to Fame a plea,  
 One learns to *liſp*, another *not* to see;



Miss D—— tottering catches at your hand,  
 Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?  
 Whilſt theſe, what nature gave diſown thro' Pride,  
 Others affect what nature has deny'd ;  
 What nature has deny'd fools will purſue,  
 As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

*Crassus* a grateful ſage, our awe, and ſport !  
 Supports grave forms, for forms the ſage ſupport.  
 He hems, and cries with an important air,  
 “ If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair : ”  
 Then quotes the *Stagyrite* to prove it true,  
 And adds, “ the learn'd delight in ſomething *new*.”  
 Is't not enough the blockhead ſcarce can read,  
 But muſt he *wiſely* look, and *gravely* plead ?  
 As far a *formaliſt* from wiſdom ſits  
 In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

Y E T ſubtle wights (ſo blind are mortal men,  
 Tho' Satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)  
 For ever will hang out a ſolemn face,  
 To put off *nonsense* with the better grace ;  
 As Pedlars with ſome Héro's head make bold,  
 Illuſtrious mark ! where *pins* are to be fold.

What's

WHAT'S the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?  
The *body's* wisdom to conceal the mind.

A man of sense can *artifice* disdain,  
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*;  
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,  
*Solemnity's* a cover for a *fool*.

I find the *fool*, when I behold the *skreen*;  
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be *seen*.

HENCE, ———, that openness of heart,  
And just disdain for that poor *mimic*, Art;  
Hence (manly praise!) that manner nobly free,  
Which all admire, and I commend in thee.

WITH generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd  
Of *court*, and *town*, the noon-tide Masquerade,  
Where swarms of *knaves* the Vizor quite disgrace,  
And hide secure behind a *naked face*?  
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,  
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;  
Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,  
And he who trusts a *brother* is undone?

*These* all their care expend on outward show  
For Wealth, and Fame; for Fame alone, the *Beau*.

Of late at *White's* was young *Florella* seen,  
How blank his look? how discompos'd his mein?  
So hard it proves in Grief sincere to feign!  
*Sunk* were his spirits; for his coat was *plain*.

N E X T day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,  
His health was mended with a *silver lace*.

A curious artist long inur'd to toils  
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oyls,  
Whether by chance, or by some God inspir'd,  
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.  
The well-swoln tyes an equal homage claim,  
And either shoulder has it's share of Fame;

H I S sumptuous *watch-case*, tho' conceal'd it lies,  
Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.

He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)

*St*———*pe* in Wit, in Breeding *D*——*l*——*ne*.

Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye  
On mirrors flushing with his *Tyrian* dye,

With how sublime a transport leaps his heart?

But Fate ordains that dearest Friends must part.

In active measures brought from *France*, he wheels,

And triumphs conscious of his learned *heels*.

So have I seen on some bright summer's day,  
A Calf of genius debonnaire, and gay,

Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by Fame,  
Fond of the *pretty-fellow* in the stream.

*Morose* is sunk with shame, whene'er surpriz'd  
In Linnen clean, or Peruke undisguis'd.  
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,  
Valu'd, like Leopards, as their *spots* appear.  
A fam'd Sur-tout he wears, which *once* was blue,  
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.  
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)  
Levell'd her barbarous *needle* at his Fame;  
But open force was vain; by night she went,  
And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling *rent*;  
Where yawn'd the Frize is now become a doubt,  
*And Glory at one entrance quite shut out.* \*

HE scorns *Florella*, and *Florella* him,  
This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim*;  
Thus in each other both these Fools despise  
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;  
Their methods various, but alike their aim:  
The *sloven* and the *fopling* are the same.

YE Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,  
When Party-rage too warmly you pursue;



Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,  
 And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide.  
 You vent your spleen as monkeys, when they pass,  
 Scratch at the mimic-monkey in the glass.  
 While both are *one*; and henceforth be it known,  
 Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

“ B U T who art thou? methinks *Florella* cries,  
 “ Of all thy species art thou only wise?  
 Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,  
 As crossing straws retard a passing Witch,  
*Florella* thou my monitor shalt be;  
 I'll *conjure* thus some profit out of *Thee*.

O thou thy self! abroad our counsels roam,  
 And, like ill husbands, take no care at home.  
 Thou too art wounded with the common dart,  
 And love of Fame lyes throbbing at thy heart;  
 And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?  
 Know, *fame*, and *fortune* both are made of Prose.  
 Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyme*,  
 Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?  
 While I a moment name, a moments past,  
 I'm nearer death in *this* verse than the *last*;

What then is to be done ? be wise with speed :  
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

AND what so foolish as the chace of Fame ?  
How vain the prize ? how impotent our aim ?  
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,  
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of Time,  
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,  
*Born*, and *forgot*, ten thousand in an hour ?



LOVE of FAME,  
THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE III.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. DODDINGTON.

---

*Tanto major Fama sitis est, quàm*  
*Virtutis.* Juv. Sat. 10.

---

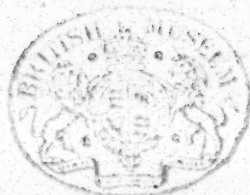


---

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel* and  
*Bible* in *Dame's-street*, MDCCXXVIII.







# S A T I R E III.



LONG, *Dodington*, in debt, I long have sought  
To ease the burthen of my grateful thought ;  
And now a poet's gratitude you see,  
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll ask for *three* ;

For whose the present glory, or the gain ?  
You give protection, I a worthless strain.  
You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,  
And know the basis of a solid fame ;  
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,  
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend* ;  
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,  
But more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.

AN ill-tim'd modesty ! turn ages o'er,  
When wanted *Britain* bright examples more ?  
Her *Learning*, and her *Genius* too decays,  
And *dark*, and *cold* are her declining days ;

As if men now were of another cast,  
 They meanly live *on alms* of ages past.  
 Men still are men, and they, who boldly dare,  
 Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold Despair;  
 Or, if they fail, they justly still take place  
 Of such, who *run in debt* for their disgrace,  
 Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,  
 And damn it with *improvements* of their own.  
 We bring some new materials, and what's old  
 New-cast with care, and in no *borrow'd* mold;  
 Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,  
 And from sow'r Critics vindicate the muse.

"YOUR work is long," the Critics cry: 'tis true;  
 And lengthens still, to take in fools like you;  
 Shorten my labour, if its length you blame,  
 For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;  
 As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs pursue,  
 Renounce their four Legs, and start up on two.

LIKE the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,  
 That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,  
 Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the Critic's rage,  
 And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.

For what ambitious fools are more to blame  
 Than those, who thunder in the Critic's name?  
 Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,  
 To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.  
*Balbutius* muffled in his sable cloak,  
 Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,  
 As ravens solemn, and as *boading*, cries,  
 Ten thousand worlds for the Three Unites!  
 Ye Doctors sage, who thro' *Parnassus* teach,  
 Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

ONE judges, as the *weather* dictates, right  
 The poem is at noon, and wrong at night;  
 Another judges by a surer gage,  
 An author's *principles*, or *parentage*;  
 Since his great ancestors in *Flanders* fell,  
 The poem, doubtless, must be written well.  
 Another judges by the writer's *look*;  
 Another judges, for he *bought the book*;  
 Some judge, their knack of *judging-wrong* to keep;  
 Some judge, because it is too soon to *sleep*.

THUS all will judge, and with one single aim,  
 To gain themselves, not give the Writer fame.  
 The very best *ambitiously* advise,  
 Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise;

None are at leisure others to reward;  
They scarce will *damn*, but out of self-regard.

CRITICS on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,  
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;  
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry  
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.  
Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown  
Than *Compton's* smile, and your obliging frown?

NOT all on *books* their Criticism waste;  
The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,  
And eat their way to *fame*; with anxious thought  
The *salmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.  
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,  
And bids *december* yield the fruits of *may*.  
Their various cares in one great point combine,  
The business of their lives, that is——to *dine*,  
Half of their precious day they give the *feast*,  
And, to a kind *digestion*, spare the rest.  
*Apicius*, here, the taster of the town,  
Feeds twice a-week, to settle their renown.

THESE worthies of the palate guard with care  
The sacred annals of their *bills of fare*,



In those choice books their *panegyricks* read,  
And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.

§ If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,  
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,  
*Thieves* of renown, and *pilferers* of fame;  
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks,  
They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs*.  
*Cottil* is apt to wink upon a peer,  
*When turn'd away*, with a familiar leer;  
And H——y's eyes, unmercifully keen,  
Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.  
*Niger* adopts stray libels, wisely prone  
To covet shame, still greater than his own.  
*Bathyllus* in the winter of threescore  
Belies his Innocence, and keeps a whore.  
Absence of mind *Brabantio* turns to fame,  
*Learns to mistake*, nor knows his brother's name,  
Has words, and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,  
And takes a memorandum to *forget*.  
Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns, or blots,  
Men *forge the patents*, that create them fots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,  
 So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.  
 But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,  
 When those, who bring that incense, we despise?  
 For such the vanity of great, and small,  
 Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

NOR can even Satire blame them, for 'tis true  
 They most have ample cause for what they do.  
 O! fruitful *Britain*! doubtless, thou wast meant  
 A nurse of *fools* to stock the Continent.  
 Tho' *Phæbus*, and the Nine for ever mow,  
 Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.  
 The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,  
 'Till I surpass in length my Lawyer's bill,  
 A *Welch* descent, which well-paid Heralds damn,  
 Or, longer still, a *Dutchman's* Epigram.  
 When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,  
 In comes a Coxcomb, and I write agen.

SEE! *Tityrus* with merriment posselt,  
 Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest;  
 What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,  
 His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.

Is there of *these*, ye Fair ! so great a dearth,  
That you need purchase *monkeys* for your mirth ?

SOME vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire,  
Of *houses* some, nay houses that they *hire* ;  
Some (perfect wisdom !) of a beauteous *wife*,  
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

SOMETIMES, thro' pride, the Sexes change their airs,  
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *swears* ;  
Then (stranger still !) on turning of the wind,  
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.

To shew the strength, and infamy of *pride*,  
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.  
What numbers are there, which at once pursue  
Praise, and the glory to condemn it, too ?  
*Vincenna* knows *self-praise* betrays to *shame*,  
And therefore lays a stratagem for Fame ;  
Makes his approach in modesty's disguise  
To win applause, and takes it by surprize.  
“ To err, says he, in small things is my fate.”  
You know your answer, *he's exact in great*.

“ My

" My *style*, says he, is rude, and full of faults."

*But O! what Sense? what energy of Thoughts?*

That he wants Algebra he must confess.

*But not a soul to give our Arms success.*

" Ah! that's a hit indeed, *Vincenna* cries;

" But who in heat of blood was ever wise?

" I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,

" To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd attack;

" All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny;

" Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."

Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,

It ne'er, *Vincenna* cou'd deceive in *thee*,

Whole conduct is a comment to thy tongue

So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.

Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenue* wear,

And haunt the court, without a *prospect* there.

Are these expedients for Renown? confess

Thy *little self*; that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, *Vincenna*, and the court forsake,

Our fortunes there nor *thou*, nor *I* shall make.

Ev'n *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,

In hardy service make a long campaign,

Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,

And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*

With



With painful art, and application warm,  
 And take at last some *little place* by storm;  
 Enough to keep *two shoes* on *sunday* clean,  
 And *starve* upon discreetly in *Sheer-lane*.  
 Already *this* thy fortune can afford,  
 Then starve without the *favour* of my lord.  
 'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer;  
 But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:  
 From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come;  
 They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:  
 The man that's nearest, *yawning* they advance.  
 'Tis *inhumanity* to *bless* by chance.  
 If *merit* sues, and *greatness* is so loth  
 To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.

I grant at court, *Philander*, at his need,  
 (Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.  
 Of every charm, and virtue she's possess.  
*Philander*! thou art exquisitely blest,  
 The publick envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,  
 The man is found, who may be *justly* proud;  
 But, see! how sickly is Ambition's taste?  
 Ambition feeds on trash, and loathes a feast;  
 For lo! *Philander*, of reproach afraid,  
 In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.

Some

Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,  
 And love a market, where the rates run high.  
*Italian* musick's sweet, because 'tis dear;  
 Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*;  
 Their tastes wou'd lessen, if the prices fell,  
 And *Shakespeare's* wretched stuff do quite as well;  
 Away the disinchant'd fair would throng,  
 And *own*, that *English* is their mother-tongue.

To shew how much our Northern tastes refine,  
*Imported* nymphs our peereesses out-shine;  
 While *tradesmen* starve these *Philomels* are gay;  
 For generous lords had rather *give* than *pay*.  
 O lavish land! for *sound* at such expence?  
 But then she saves it in her bills for *sense*.

MUSIC I passionately love, 'tis plain,  
 Since for it's sake such Dramas I sustain.  
 An Opera, like a Pillory, may be said  
 To nail our *ears* down, but expose our *head*.

BEHOLD the Masquerade's fantastick scene!  
 The *Legislature* join'd with *Drury-lane*!  
 When *Britain* calls, th' embroider'd Patriots run,  
 And serve their *country* ——— if the *dance* is done.

“ Are

“ Are we not then allow’d to be polite ?”

Yes, doubtless, but first set your notions right.

*Worth* of *politeness* is the needful ground,

Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne’er be found.

Trifles not ev’n in Trifles can excel;

Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.

G R E A T, chosen prophet ! for these latter days,  
 To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways,  
 Well H——r, dost thou thy *master* serve;  
 Well has he seen his *servant* shou’d not starve.  
 Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais’d,  
 In various forms of *worship* seen him prais’d,  
 Gaudy devotion, like a *Roman* shown,  
 And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.  
 Inferior off’rings to thy God of Vice  
 Are duly paid in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice*;  
 Thy sacrifice supream an *hundred maids* !  
 That solemn rite of midnight Masquerades !  
 If maids the quite-exhausted town denies,  
 An hundred head of *cuckolds* must suffice.  
 Thou smil’st well pleas’d with the converted land,  
 To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.

AND

AND, that thy ministry may never fail;  
 But what thy hand has planted still prevail,  
 Of *minor prophets* a succession sure  
 The propagation of thy zeal secure.

SEE Commons, Peers, and Ministers of State  
 In solemn council met, and deep debate!  
 What godlike enterprize is taking birth?  
 What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?  
 'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!  
 Fixt is the fate of *whores*, and *fiddlestrings*!

Tho' bold these truths, thou muse with truths like these,  
 Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please;  
 Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,  
 Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.  
 How terrible it were to common sense,  
 To write a *satire*, which gave none offence?  
 And since from *life* I take the draughts you see,  
 If men dislike them, do they censure *me*?  
 On then, my muse! and *fools*, and *knaves* expose,  
 And, since thou canst not make a *friend*, make *foes*;  
 The fool, and knave 'tis glorious to offend,  
 And godlike an attempt the world to mend,



The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,  
*Knaves* know the game, and *honest men* pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain it's price?  
 A man shall make his fortune in a trice,  
 If blest with pliant, tho' but slender sense,  
 Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.  
 A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,  
 A curf within, a smile upon his face,  
 A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,  
 Are prizes in the lottery of life;  
*Genius*, and *virtue* they will soon defeat,  
 And lodge you in the bosom of the great,  
 To merit is but to provide a pain  
 From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

MAY, *Dodington*, this Maxim fail in you,  
 Whom my presaging thoughts already view  
 By *Walpole's* Conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,  
 Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd;  
 And lending, *here*, those awful Councils aid,  
 Which you, *abroad*, with such success obey'd:  
 Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship dear;  
 What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.





THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE IV.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR *Spencer Compton.*

---

*Tanto major Fama sitis est, quàm  
Virtutis.*

---

JUV. SAT. 10.



---

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL, for GEORGE EWING,  
at the *Angel and Bible* in *Dame's-street*,  
M D C C X X V I I .







# S A T I R E I V.



OUND some fair 'Tree th' ambitious  
Woodbine grows,  
And breaths her Sweets on the support-  
ing Boughs;  
So sweet the Verse, th' ambitious Verse  
shall be,

(O! pardon mine) that hopes Support from Thee;  
Thee, *Compton*, born o'er Senates to preside,  
Their Dignity to raise, their Councils guide;  
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,  
And Kingdoms Fates, without Ambition, weigh;  
Of distant Virtues nice Extreame to blend,  
The Crown's Asserter, and the Peoples Friend:  
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer Views;  
To listen to the Labours of the muse,

Thy Smiles *protect* her, while thy Talents *fire*  
And 'tis but half thy Glory to inspire.

V E X T at a publick Fame so justly won,  
The jealous *Chremes* is with Spleen undone.  
*Chremes*, for airy Pensions of Renown,  
Devotes his Service to the State, and Crown ;  
All Schemes he knows, and knowing all, improves,  
'Tho' *Britain's* thankless, still this Patriot loves ;  
But Patriots differ, some may shed their Blood,  
He drinks his Coffee for the publick Good,  
Consults the sacred Steam, and there foresees  
What Storms, or Sunshine, Providence decrees,  
Knows for each Day the Weather of our Fate.  
A *Quid-nunc* is an Almanack of State.

Y o u smile, and think this Statesman void of Use.  
Why may not Time his secret Worth produce ?  
Since Apes can roast the choice *Castanian Nut*,  
Since Steeds of Genius are expert at *Pur*,  
Since half the Senate *not content* can say,  
Geese Nations save, and Puppies Plots betray.

WHAT makes him model Realms, and counsel Kings ?  
An Incapacity for smaller Things.

Poor *Ghremes* can't conduct his own Estate;  
And thence has undertaken *Europe's* Fate.

*Gehenno* leaves the Realm to *Ghremes's* Skill,  
And boldly claims a Province higher still.  
To raise a Name, th' ambitious Boy has got  
At once a Bible, and a Shoulder-knot ;  
Deep in the Secret, he looks thro' the Whole,  
And pities the dull Rogue that saves his Soul;  
To talk with Reverence you must take good heed,  
Nor shock his *tender Reason* with the Creed.  
How-e'er, well-bred, in Publick he complies,  
Obliging Friends alone with Blasphemies.

PEERAGE is Poison, good Estates are bad,  
For this Disease; poor Rogues run seldom mad,  
Have not Attainders brought unhop'd Relief,  
And falling Stocks quite cur'd an Unbelief ?  
While the Sun shines *Blunt* talks with wond'rous Force;  
But Thunder marrs Small-Beer, and weak Discourse.  
Such useful Instruments the Weather show,  
Just as their Mercury is high or low.

HEALTH chiefly keeps an Atheist in the Dark;  
A Fever argues better than a *Clark*;

Let but the Logick in his Pulse decay,  
 The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray,  
 While C—— mourns with an unfeigned Zeal  
 Th' apostate Youth, who reason'd *once* so well.  
 C—— who makes so merry with the Creed,  
 He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;  
 But only thinks so; to give both their Due,  
*Satan*, and he believe, and tremble too.

*Narcissus* the Tartarian Club disclaims,  
 Nay, a Free-mason with some Terror names,  
 Omits no Duty, nor can *Envy* say  
 He miss'd these many Years the Church, or Play;  
 He makes no Noise in Parliament, 'tis true,  
 But pays his Debts, and Visits, when 'tis due;  
 His Character, and Gloves are ever clean,  
 And then, he can out-bow the *bowing Dean*;  
 A Smile eternal on his Lip he wears,  
 Which equally the Wise, and Worthless shares.  
 In gay Fatigues this most undaunted Chief  
 Patient of Idleness beyond Belief,  
 Most charitably lends the Town his Face  
 For Ornament, in every publick Place;



As sure as Cards he to the Assembly comes,  
 And is the Furniture of Drawing-rooms.  
 When *Ombre* calls, his Hand, and Heart are free,  
 And, joyn'd to Two, he fails not—to make Three,  
*Narcissus* is the Glory of his Race :

For who does nothing with a better Grace ?

To deck my List, by Nature were design'd  
 Such shining Expletives of human Kind,  
 Who want, while thro' blank Life they dream along,  
 Sense to be right, and Passion to be wrong.

To counterpose this Hero of the Mode,  
 Some for Renown are singular, and odd ;  
 What other Men dislike is sure to please,  
 Of all Mankind these dear Antipodes ;  
 Thro' Pride, not Malice, they run counter still,  
 And Birth-days are their Days of dressing ill.  
*Arb*———*t* is a Fool, and *F*——— a Sage,  
*S*———*ly* will fright you, *E*——— engage,  
 By Nature Streams run backward, Flames descends,  
 Stones mount, and *S*———*x* is the worst of Friends.

THEY take their Rest by Day, and wake by Night,  
 And blush, if you surprize them in the Right,

If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,

A Swan is white, or *Q*—y is fair.

NOTHING exceeds in Ridicule, no doubt,  
A Fool in Fashion, but a Fool that's out;  
His Passion for Absurdity's so strong,  
He cannot bear a Rival in the Wrong.  
Tho' wrong the Mode, comply; more Sense is shewn  
In wearing other's Follies, than your own.  
If what is out of Fashion most you prize,  
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.

BUT what in oddness can be more Sublime  
Than *S*——, the foremost Toyman of his Time?  
His nice Ambition lies in curious Fancies,  
His Daughter's Portion a rich Shell inhances,  
And *Ashmole's* Baby-house is, in his View,  
*Britannia's* golden Mine, a rich *Peru*:  
How his Eyes Languish? how his Thoughts adore  
That painted Coat which *Joseph* never wore?  
He shews on Holidays a sacred Pin,  
That toucht the Ruff, that toucht *Queen Bess's* Chin.  
“ SINCE that great Dearth our Chronicles deplore,  
“ Since the great Plague that swept as many more,

“ Was

“ Was ever Year unblest as this? ” he'll cry,  
 “ It has not brought us one new Butterfly !  
 In Times that suffer such learn'd Men as these,  
 Unhappy I———y ! how came you to please ?

N O T gawdy Butterflies are *Lico's* Game ;  
 But, in effect, his Chace is much the same.  
 Warm in Pursuit, he levées all the Great,  
 Stanch to the Foot of Title, and Estate.  
 Where-e'er their *Lordships* go, they never find,  
 Or *Lico*, or their Shadows lag behind ;  
 He sets them sure, where-e'er their *Lordships* run,  
 Close at their Elbows, as a Morning-dun ;  
 As if their Grandeur by Contagion wrought,  
 And Fame was, like a Fever, to be caught :  
 But after seven Years Dance from Place to Place,  
 The \* *Dane* is more familiar with his Grace.

W H O'D be a Crutch to prop a rotten Peer ;  
 Or living Pendant, dangling at his Ear,  
 For ever whisp'ring Secrets, which were blown  
 For Months before by Trumpets thro' the Town ?

Who'd

\* A Danish Dog.

Who'd be a Glass with flattering Grimace  
 Still to reflect the Temper of his Face;  
 Or happy Pin to stick upon his Sleeve,  
 When my Lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave;  
 Or Cushion, when his Heaviness shall please  
 To loll, or thump it for his better Ease;  
 Or a vile Butt, for Noon, or Night bespoke,  
 When the Peer rashly swears he'll club his Joke?  
 Who'd shake with Laughter, tho' he cou'd not find  
 His Lordship's Jest, or, if his Nose broke Wind,  
 For Blessings to the Gods profoundly bow,  
 That can cry Chimney-sweep, or drive a Plough?  
 With Terms like these how mean the Tribe that close?  
 Scarce meaner they, who Terms, like these, impose,

But what's the Tribe most likely to comply?  
 The Men of Ink, or ancient Authors lie,  
 The writing Tribe, who shameless Auctions hold  
 Of Praise, by Inch of Candle to be sold;  
 All Men they flatter, but themselves the most  
 With deathless Fame, their everlasting Boast:  
 For Fame no cully makes so much her Jest,  
 As her old, constant Spark, the Bard profess.



" *B*——— *le* shines in Council, *M*——— in the Fight;

" *P*—— *l*—— *m*'s magnificent; but I can write,

" And what to my great Soul like Glory dear?"

'Till some God whispers in his tingling Ear,

That Fame's unwholesom taken without Meat,

And Life is best sustain'd by what is eat.

Grown lean, and wise, he curses what he writ,

And wishes all his Wants were in his Wit.

Al! what avails it, when his Dinner's lost,

That his triumphant Name adorns a Post?

Or that his shining Page (provoking Fate!)

Defends Sirloins, which Sons of Dulness eat?

WHAT Foe to Verse without Compassion hears?

What cruel Prose-man can refrain from Tears?

When the poor Muse for less than half a Crown

A Prostitute on every Bulk in Town,

With other Whores undone, tho' not in Print,

Clubs Credit for *Geneva* in the *Mint*?

Ye Bards! why will you sing, tho' uninspir'd?

Ye Bards! why will you starve to be admir'd?

Defunct by *Phæbus* Laws beyond Redress,

Why will your Spectres haunt the frightened Press?

Bad Metre, that Excrecence of the Head,  
Like Hair, will sprout, altho' the Poet's dead.

ALL other Trades demand, Verse-makers beg;  
A Dedication is a wooden Leg,  
And barren *Lakeo*, the true Mumper's Fashion,  
Exposes borrow'd Brats to move Compassion.  
Tho' such my self, vile Bards I discommend,  
Nay more, tho' gentle *Damon* is my Friend.

"Is't then a Crime to write?"—if Talents rare  
Proclaim the God, the Crime is to forbear;  
For some, tho' few, there are large-minded Men,  
Who watch unseen the Labours of the Pen,  
Who know the Muse's Worth, and therefore court,  
Their Deeds her Theme, their Bounty her support,  
Who serve unask'd the least Pretence to Wit;  
My sole Excuse, alas! for having writ;  
Will *H———* pardon, if I dare commend  
*H———*, with Zeal a Patron, and a Friend?  
*A———*, let true Wit is studious to restore,  
And *D———* smiles, if *Phæbus* smil'd before,  
*P———* ke in Years the long-lov'd Arts admires,  
And *Henrietta* like a Muse inspires.

BUT ah! not *Inspiration* can obtain  
 That Fame, which Poets languish for in vain.  
 How mad their Aim? who thirst for Glory, strive  
 To grasp what no man can possess alive.  
 No living Glory will Detraction spare,  
 The Man must die, who makes full Fame his Care.  
 Fame's a Reversion in which Men take place  
 (O late Reversion!) at their own Decease.  
 This Truth sagacious *Lintot* knows so well,  
 He starves his Authors, that their Works may sell.

THAT Fame is Wealth, fantastick Poets cry;  
 That Wealth is Fame, another Clan reply,  
 Who know no Guilt, no Scandal but in Rags,  
 And swell in just Proportion to their Bags,  
 Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old  
 Think Glory nothing but the Beams of Gold.  
 The first young Lord, which in the Mall you meet,  
 Shall match the veriest Huncks in *Lombard-street*,  
 From rescu'd Candle's Ends who rais'd a Sum,  
 And starves to join a Penny to a Plumb.  
 A beardless Miser? 'tis a Guilt unknown  
 To former Times, a Scandal all our own.

Of ardent Lovers, the true modern Band  
 Will mortgage *Celia* to redeem their Land.  
 For Love, young, noble, rich *Castilio* dies;  
 Name but the Fair, Love swells into his Eyes.  
 Divine *Monimia*, thy fond Fears lay down;  
 No Rival can prevail, but——halt a Crown:

He glories to late Times to be convey'd,  
 Not for the Poor he has reliev'd, but made:  
 Not such Ambition his great Fathers fir'd  
 When *Harry* conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd.  
 He'd be a Slave, a Pimp, a Dog for Gain,  
 Nay, a dull Sheriff for his golden Chain.

“ Who'd be a Slave ? ” the gallant Colonel cries,  
 While Love of Glory sparkles from his Eyes.  
 To deathless Fame he loudly pleads his Right,——  
 Just is his Title, for I will not fight;  
 But when indulging on the last Campaign,  
 His lofty Terms climb o'er the Hills of Slain.  
 He gives the Foes he slew, at each vain Word,  
 A sweet Revenge, and half-absolves his Sword.

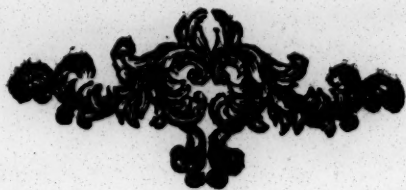
Of Boasting more than of a Bomb afraid,  
 A Soldier should be modest, as a Maid:



Fame is a Bubble the Reserv'd enjoy,  
 Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy:  
 'Tis the World's Debt to Deeds of high Degree;  
 But if you pay your self, the World is free.

WERE there no Tongue to speak them but his own,  
*Augustus*' Deeds in Arms had ne'er been known,  
*Augustus*' Deeds; if that ambiguous Name,  
 Confounds my Reader, and misguides his Aim;  
 Such is the Prince's Worth, of whom I speak;  
 The *Roman* would not blush at the Mistake.

F I N I S.





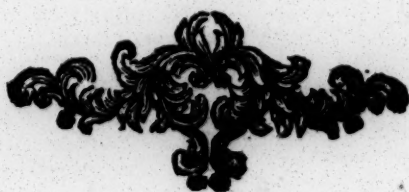
THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE V.  
On W O M E N.

---

*O fairest of Creation! last and best  
Of all God's Works! Creature, in whom excell'd  
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
How art thou lost!——*

MILTON.

---



---

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL, for GEORGE EWING, at the  
*Angel and Bible in Dame's-street, M DCCXXVII,*

THE

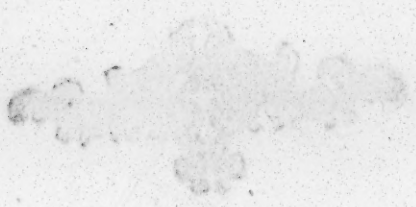
UNIVERSAL PASSPORT

BRITISH MUSEUM

OF NATURAL HISTORY



Library



BRITISH MUSEUM

Printed by S. Poulton, for George F. Jones & Co.  
Resident in London, & in the City of London.





## S A T I R E V.



OR reigns *Ambition* in bold Man alone;

Soft Female hearts the rude Invader  
[own.

But, there indeed, it deals in nicer  
[things

Than routing Armies, and dethron-  
[ing Kings.

Attend, and you discern it in the Fair,  
Conduct a Finger, or reclaim a Hair;  
Or rowl the lucid orbit of an Eye;  
Or in full joy elaborate a Sigh.

The Sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame;  
Nay thank their faults for such a *fruitful* Theme.  
A theme, fair——! doubly kind to me,  
Since satyrizing *those*, is praising *thee*;

Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,  
A panegyrick of a grosser kind.

*Britannia's* Daughters, much more fair than nice,  
Too fond of Admiration, lose their price;  
Worn in the publick eye, give cheap delight  
To throngs, and tarnish to the fated sight.  
As unreserv'd, and beauteous as the Sun,  
Thro' every *Sign* of Vanity they run;  
Assemblies, Parks, coarse feasts in City-Halls,  
Lectures, and Tryals, Plays, Committees, Balls,  
Wells, *Bedlams*, Executions, *Smithfield-Scenes*,  
And Fortune-tellers caves, and Lyons dens,  
Taverns, *Exchanges*, *Bridewells*, drawing Rooms,  
Instalments, Pillories, Coronations, Tombs,  
Tumblers, and Funerals, Puppet-shews, Reviews,  
Sales, Races, Rabbits, (and still stranger!) Pews,

*Clarinda's* bosom burns, but burns for *Fame* ;  
And love lyes vanquisht in a nobler flame;  
Warm gleams of hope she, now, dispenses; then  
Like *April-Suns* dives into clouds agen.  
With all her lustre, now, her lover warms;  
Then, out of *Ostentation* hides her charms.

'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,  
 And to be taken with a sudden pain ;  
 Then, she starts up all ecstasie and blifs,  
 And is, sweet Soul ! just as sincere in this.  
 O how she rows her charming eyes in Spight !  
 And looks delightfully with all her might !  
 But like *our* Heroes, much more brave, than wise,  
 She conquers for the Triumph, not the Prize.

*Zara* resembles *Ætna* crown'd with Snows ;  
 Without she freezes, and within she glows ;  
 Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,  
 From the vain converse of the world ritir'd,  
 She reads the Psalms and Chapters for the day  
 In — *Cleopatra*, or the last new play.  
 Thus gloomy *Zara* with a solemn grace  
 Deceives Mankind, and *hides* behind her face,

Nor far beneath her in *renown* is she  
 Who thro' good-breeding is ill-company.  
 Whose *Manners* will not let her larum cease,  
 Who thinks you are unhappy, when at peace ;  
 To find you *News* who racks her subtle head,  
 And vows — *that her great Grandfather is dead.*

A dearth of words a *Woman* need not fear,  
 But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to *hear*.  
 In that the skill of conversation lyes,  
 That *shows*, or *makes* you both polite, and wise.

*Zantippe* crys “ let Nymphs who nought can say,  
 “ Be lost in silence, and resign the day :  
 “ And let the guilty wife her guilt confess  
 “ By tame behaviour, and a soft address.”  
 Thro' Virtue *she* refuses to comply  
 With all the dictates of Humanity ;  
 Thro' Wisdom *she* refuses to submit  
 To Wisdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;  
 Then, her unblemisht honour to maintain,  
 Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain.  
 But if by chance an ill-adapted word  
 Drops from the Lip of her unwary Lord,  
 Her darling China in a whirlwind sent  
 Just *intimates* the Lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame,  
 But keen *Zantippe* scorning borrow'd flame  
 Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,  
 O'er cooling gruel, and composing tea.



Nor rests by night, but more sincere than nice,  
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice.

Doubly like Eccho, *sound* is her delight,  
And the *last word* is her eternal right.

Is't not enough Plagues, Wars, and Famines rise  
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wife*?

Famine, Plague, War, and an unnumber'd throng  
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong;

What *black*, what ceaseless cares besiege our state?

What strokes we feel from fancy, and from fate?

If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow,

We *make* misfortune, *Suicides* in woe.

Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!

Is Nature backward to torment, or kill?

How oft the *Noon*, how oft the *Midnight* bell,

(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,

On folly's errands, as we vainly roam,

Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,

Few know so many friends *alive* as *dead*.

Yet, as *immortal*, in our uphill chace

We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace;

Our ardent labours for the toys we seek,

Joyn night to day, and sunday to the week.

Our

Our very joys are anxious, and expire  
Between *satiety* and *fierce desire*.

Now what reward for all this grief, and toil?  
But *one* ; a female friend's endearing smile ;  
A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm,  
And in life's tempest the sad Sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle Nymph draw nigh,  
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye ;  
Victorious tenderness ! it all o'ercame,  
Husband's look'd mild, and Savages grew tame.

The *Sylvan* race our active Nymphs pursue ;  
Man is not all the game they have in view :  
In woods and fields their Glory they compleat,  
There *Master Betty* leaps a five-barr'd Gate ;  
While fair *Miss Charles* to Toilets is confin'd,  
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous fun and wind.  
Some Nymphs affect a more heroick breed,  
And vault from *Hunters* to the *manag'd Steed* ;  
Command his prancings with a Martial air,  
And *Fobert* has the forming of the fair.

More than *one* Steed must *Delia's* empire feel,  
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel ;  
And as she guides it thro' the admiring throng ?  
With what an air she smacks the sounding thong ?

Graceful, as *John*, she moderates the reins,  
 And whistles sweet her diuretick strains.  
*Sesbtris*-like, such Charioteers as these  
 May drive six harneſt Monarchs, if they pleaſe.  
 They drive, row, run, with love of Glory ſmit,  
 Leap, ſwim, ſhoot flying, and pronounce on Wit.

O'er the *Belle-lettre* lovely *Daphne* reigns;  
 Again the God *Apollo* wears her chains.  
 With legs toſt high on her *Sophee* ſhe ſits,  
 Vouchſafing audience to contending Wits;  
 Of each performance ſhe's the final teſt;  
 One Act read o'er, ſhe prophesies the reſt;  
 And then pronouncing with deciſive air,  
 Fully convinces all the town—*ſhe's fair*.  
 Had lovely *Daphne* *Hecateſſa's* face,  
 How would her elegance of taſte decreaſe?  
 Some Ladies judgment in their *features* lyes,  
 And all their *Genius* ſparkles from their *Eyes*.

But hold, ſhe cries, Lampooner! have a care:  
 Muſt I want common ſenſe, becauſe I'm fair?  
 O no: ſee *Stella*, her *Eyes* ſhine as bright,  
 As if her tongue was never in the right;  
 And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!  
 She ſeems inspir'd, and can herſelf inspire;

SAT. V.

B

How

Our very joys are anxious, and expire  
Between *satiety* and *fierce desire*.

Now what reward for all this grief, and toil?  
But *one* ; a female friend's endearing smile;  
A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm,  
And in life's tempest the sad Sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle Nymph draw nigh,  
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;  
Victorious tendernefs! it all o'ercame,  
Husband's look'd mild, and Savages grew tame.

The *Sylvan* race our active Nymphs pursue;  
Man is not all the game they have in view:  
In woods and fields their Glory they compleat,  
There *Master Betty* leaps a five-barr'd Gate;  
While fair *Miss Charles* to Toilets is confin'd,  
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous fun and wind.  
Some Nymphs affect a more heroick breed,  
And vault from *Hunters* to the *manag'd Steed*;  
Command his prancings with a Martial air,  
And *Fobert* has the forming of the fair.

More than *one* Steed must *Delia's* empire feel,  
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel;  
And as she guides it thro' the admiring throng?  
With what an air she smacks the sounding thong?



Graceful, as *John*, she moderates the reins,  
 And whistles sweet her diuretick strains,  
*Sesſtris*-like, such Charioteers as these  
 May drive six harnest Monarchs, if they please.  
 They drive, row, run, with love of Glory smit,  
 Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on Wit.

O'er the *Belle-lettre* lovely *Daphne* reigns;  
 Again the God *Apollo* wears her chains.  
 With legs tost high on her *Sophee* she sits,  
 Vouchsafing audience to contending Wits;  
 Of each performance she's the final test;  
 One Act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;  
 And then pronouncing with decisive air,  
 Fully convinces all the town—*she's fair*.  
 Had lovely *Daphne Hecateſſa's* face,  
 How would her elegance of taste decrease?  
 Some Ladies judgment in their features lyes,  
 And all their *Genius* sparkles from their Eyes.

But hold, she cries, Lampooner! have a care:  
 Must I want common sense, because I'm fair?  
 O no: see *Stella*, her Eyes shine as bright,  
 As if her tongue was never in the right;  
 And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!  
 She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire;

How then, (if malice rul'd not all the fair)  
 Could *Daphne* publish, and could she forbear?  
 We grant that beauty is no bar to Sense,  
 Nor is't a sanction for Impertinence.

*Sempronia* lik'd her man, and well she might,  
 The youth in person, and in parts was bright;  
 Possess'd of every virtue, grace, and art,  
 That claims just empire o'er the female heart.  
 He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,  
 And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd.  
 Large his possessions, and beyond her own;  
 Their bliss the theme, and envy of the town.  
 The day was fixt; when with one acre more  
 In steep deform'd, debauch't, diseas'd *threescore*.  
 The fatal sequel I thro' shame forbear.  
 Of *pride*, and *avarice* who can cure the Fair?

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true,  
 Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;  
 Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,  
 But fools create themselves new appetites.  
 Fancy and Pride seek things at vast expence,  
 Which relish nor to *reason*, nor to *sense*.

When

When *surfeit*, or *unthankfulness* destroys  
 In *nature's* narrow sphere our solid joys,  
 In *fancy's* airy land of noise, and show,  
 Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow,  
 Like *Catts in air-pumps*, to subsist we strive  
 On joystoo thin to keep the soul alive.

*Lemira's* sick, make haste, the Doctor call:  
 He comes: but where's his Patient? at the Ball.  
 The Doctor stares, her Woman curt'sies low,  
 And crys, " my lady, Sir, is always so.  
 " Diversions put her maladies to flight;  
 " True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night.  
 " I've known my lady (for she loves a Tune)  
 " For *fevers* take an Opera in *June*.  
 " And tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,  
 " A midnight Park is sovereign for a *Cold*.  
 " With *Collicks*, breakfasts of green fruit agree;  
 " With *indigestions*, supper just at three."  
 A strange alternative! replies Sir H——s,  
 Must women have a Doctor, or a Dance?  
 Tho' sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam,  
 But droop and die in perfect health *at home*.  
 For want—but not of health, are Ladies ill,  
 And *Tickets* cure beyond the Doctor's-Bill.

'Alas! my heart, how languishingly fair  
 Yon Lady lolls? with what a tender air?  
 Pale as a young dramatick author, when  
 O'er darling lines fell *Cibber* waves his pen,  
 Is her Lord angry, or has \**Viny*chid?  
 Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?  
 "Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white"  
 Why went she not to bed? "because 'twas night:"  
 Did she then dance or play? "nor this nor that."  
 Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.  
 "No, all alone, her *Pray'r*s she rather chose,  
 "Than be that wretch to sleep 'till morning rose."  
 Then lady *Cynthia*, Mistress of the shade,  
 Goes, with the fashionable Owls to bed.  
 This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;  
 Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.

Others with curious arts dim charms revive,  
 And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.  
 You in the morning a *fair* nymph invite,  
 To keep her word a *brown* one comes at night;  
 Next day she shines in glossy *black*, and then  
 Revolves into her native *red* agen.

\* *Lap-dog*.

Like



Like a Dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,  
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But one admirer has the painted lass,  
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glass.  
Yet *Laura's* beautiful to such excess,  
That all her art scarce makes her please the less;  
To deck the female cheek *He* only knows,  
Who paints less fair the *lily*, and the *rose*.

How gay *they* smile? such blessings nature pours,  
O'er-stockt mankind enjoy but half her stores;  
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,  
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green.  
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,  
And waste their musick on the savage race,  
Is *Nature* then a niggard of her bliss?  
Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this?  
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,  
And painted *Arts* deprav'd allurements chuse.  
Such *Fulvia's* passion for the town, fresh air  
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair:  
Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,  
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;

But

But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight;  
 And to be prest to death transports her quite.  
 Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,  
 And *Wodbine*: give their sweets, and *Limes* their shades,  
 Black kennels absent *odours* she regrets,  
 And stops her nose at beds of Violets.

Is stormy life prefer'd to the serene?  
 Or is the publick to the private scene?  
*Retir'd*, we tread a smooth and open way;  
 Thro' briars and brambles in the *world* we stray,  
*Stiff* opposition, and *perplext* debate,  
 And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *stinging* hate,  
 Which choak our passage, our career controul,  
 And wound the firmest temper of the soul.  
 O sacred solitude! divine retreat!  
 Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!  
 By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,  
 We court fair Wisdom, that celestial Maid:  
 The genuine Offspring of her lov'd embrace,  
 (Strangers on Earth!) are Innocence and Peace.  
*There* from the ways of men lay'd safe ashore,  
 We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;  
*There* blest with health, with business unperplext,  
 'This Life we relish, and ensure the next;

*There*

*There too the Muses sport; these numbers free,  
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.*

There sport the *Muses*; but not there alone:  
Their sacred force *Amelia* feels in town.  
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;  
A wit herself, *Amelia* weds a wit.  
Both wits! tho' miracles are said to cease,  
Three days, three wond'rous days! they liv'd in peace;  
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,  
On *Durfy's* poesy, and *Bunyan's* prose.  
The learned war both wage with equal force,  
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

*Phæbe*, tho' she possesses nothing less,  
Is proud of being rich in happiness.  
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,  
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys;  
With what well-acted transport will she say,  
" Well sure, we were so happy *yesterday*!  
" And then that charming party for *to-morrow*!  
Tho' well she knows 'twill languish into sorrow.  
But she dares never boast the *present* hour,  
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power.

For

For such is or our weakness, or our curse,  
 Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,  
 The present moment like a Wife we shun,  
 And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy,  
 Pleasure, like *Quick-silver*, is bright, and coy;  
 We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,  
 Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:  
 If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains,  
 What is it, but rank poyson in your veins?

As *Flavia* in her glass an Angel spies,  
*Pride* whispers in her ear pernicious lies;  
 Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,  
 There's no satiety of charms divine:  
 Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears  
 Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears.  
 She fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,  
 In soft amusement all the night employ'd,  
 The morning came, when *Strephon* waking found  
 (Surprising sight!) his Bride in sorrow drown'd.  
 " What miracle, says *Strephon*, makes thee weep?  
 " Ah barbarous Man, she cries, how cou'd you—sleep? "



Men love a *Mistress*, as they love a *Feast*;  
 How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste*?  
 Yet sure there is a certain time of day,  
 We wish our *Mistress*, and our *Meat* away;  
 But soon the sat'd appetites return,  
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.  
*Eternal* love let Man, then, never swear;  
 Let Women never *triumph*, nor *despair*.  
 Nor praise nor blame too much the warm or chill;  
 Hunger, and love are foreign to the *will*.

There is indeed a *Passion* more refin'd,  
 For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind.  
 But not of that unfashionable set  
 Is *Phillis*: *Phillis* and her *Damon* met.  
*Eternal* love exactly hits her taste;  
*Phillis* demands eternal love at *least*.  
 Embracing *Phillis* with soft-smiling eyes,  
*Eternal* love I vow, the Swain replies,  
 But say, my All! my *Mistress*, and my *Friend*!  
 What day next week the eternity shall end?

Some Nymphs prefer *Astronomy* to *Love*;  
 Elope from mortal men, and range above.

SAT. V.

C

The

The fair Philosopher to *Rowley* flies,  
 Where in a Box the whole Creation lies.  
 She sees the Planets in their turns advance ;  
 And scorns, *Poitier*, thy sublunary dance.  
 Of *Desagulier* she bespeaks fresh air,  
 And *Whiston* has engagements with the fair.

What vain experiments *Sophronia* tries !  
 'Tis not in air-pump the gay Colonel dies.  
 But tho' to-day this rage of science reigns,  
 (O fickle sex ! ) soon end her learned pains.  
 Lo ! *Pug* from *Jupiter* her heart has got,  
 Turns out the stars, and *Newton* is a sot.

To——turn, she never took the height  
 Of *Saturn*, yet is ever in the right.  
 She strikes each point with native force of mind,  
 While puzzled learning blunders far behind.  
 Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,  
 The *great* are vanquish'd, and the *wise* are taught.  
 Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,  
 When serious, easy ; and when gay, discreet ;  
 In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart, severe ;  
 In crowds, collected ; and in courts, sincere ;  
 Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-understood,  
 She takes a noble pride in doing good.

Yet

Yet not superior to her sex's cares,  
 The mode she fixes, by the gown she wears;  
 Of *Silks* and *China* she's the last appeal;  
 In these great points she leads the common-weal;  
 And it disputes of empire rise between  
*Mecklin* the queen of lace, and *Colberteen*,  
 'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! 'till suspended fate  
 Assumes her nod to close the grand debate.  
 When such her mind, why will the fair express  
 Their emulation only in their dress?  
 But O! the Nymph that mounts above the *Skies*,  
 And gratis clears religious mysteries!  
 Resolv'd the *Church*'s welfare to ensure,  
 And make her Family a Sine-cure.  
 The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,  
 But take in texts or scripture at piquet;  
 In those licentious meetings acts the prude,  
 And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.  
 What Angels wou'd these be, who thus excell  
 In Theologicks, cou'd they sew as well!  
 Yet why shou'd not the fair her text pursue?  
 Can she more decently the Doctor woe?  
 'Tis hard too, she who makes no use but *chat*  
 Of her Religion, shou'd be bar'd in that.

*Isaac*, a brother of the canting strain,  
 When he has knockt at his own skull in vain;  
 To beauteous *Marcia* often will repair  
 With a dark text, to light it at the fair.  
 O how his pious Soul exults to find  
 Such love for Holy men in womankind?  
 Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he  
 Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee,  
 Hums round about her, and with all his power  
 Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flower?

The young and gay declining, *Abra* flies  
 At nobler game, the mighty and the wise:  
 By nature more an *Eagle*, than a *Dove*,  
 She impiously prefers the *World* to *Love*.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see  
 What gay distress! what splendid misery!  
 Whatever fortune lavishly can pour  
 The mind annihilates, and calls for more.  
 Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says,  
 Like any Lord it *promises*——— and *pays*.  
 How will the miser startle to be told  
 Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold?

What



What nature wants has an intrinsic weight;  
 All *more*, is but the fashion of the plate,  
 Which for one moment charms the fickle view,  
 It charms us *this*, the *next* we cast anew,  
 To some fresh birth of *Fancy* more inclin'd:  
 Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers who make worth their care,  
 And think accomplishments will win the fair:  
 The fair 'tis true by *Genius* shou'd be won,  
 As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the sun;  
 And yet in female scales a *fop* outweighs,  
 And wit must wear the *willow*, with the *bays*,  
 Nought shines so bright in vain *Liberia's* eye  
 As riot, impudence, and perfidy;  
 The youth of fire, that has drunk-deep, and play'd,  
 And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;  
 For him, as yet un-hang'd, she spreads her charms,  
 Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;  
 And amply gives, (tho' treated long amiss)  
 The *Man of merit* his revenge in *this*.

If you resent, and wish a *Woman* ill,  
 But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

The languid lady next appears in state,  
 Who was not born to carry her own weight;  
 Shelolls, reels, staggers, 'till some foreign aid  
 To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.  
 Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,  
 She, by just stages, journeys round the room:  
 But knowing her own weakness, she despairs  
 To scale the *Alps*—that is, ascend the stairs.  
 My fan! let others say who laugh at toil;  
 Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconick* style,  
 And that is spoke with such a dying fall,  
 That *Betty* rather *sees*, than *hears* the call:  
 The motion of her lips, and meaning eye  
 Piece out the Idea her faint words deny.  
 O listen with attention most profound!  
 Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.  
 And help! O help! her spirits are so dead,  
 One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.  
 If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,  
 She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.  
 Let the robust, and the gygantick carve,  
 Lite is not worth so much, she'd rather starve;  
 But *chew* she must herself, ah cruel fate!  
 That *Rosolinda* can't by proxy eat.

An *Antidote* in female caprice lies  
(Kind Heaven!) against the *poison* of their eyes.

*Thalestria* triumphs in a manly mein,  
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.  
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?  
What nature dares to give, she dares to name.  
This *honest fellow* is sincere, and plain,  
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.  
(Vain is the task to Petticoats assign'd,  
If wanton language shews a *naked* mind.)  
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,  
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.  
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,  
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to swear.  
By *Jove*, is faint, and for the simple swain;  
She, on the christian System, is prophane.  
But tho' the volly rattles in your ear,  
Believe her dress, she's not a granadeer.  
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,  
When *Jove* deutes a Lady in his stead?  
A *Lady*! pardon my mistaken pen,  
A shameless Woman is the worst of *Men*.  
Few to good-breeding make a just pretence;  
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense;

The

The last result of an accomplisht mind,  
 With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.  
 A violated decency, now, reigns;  
 And Nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.  
 With *Indian* painters modern *toasts* agree,  
 The point they aim at is deformity:  
 They *throw* their persons with a hoydon-air  
 Across the room, and *tofs* into the chair.  
 So far their commerce with mankind is gone,  
 They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.  
 The modest look, the castigated grace,  
 The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,  
 For which her lovers dy'd, her parents pay'd,  
 Are indecorums with the modern maid.  
 Stiff forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,  
 Nor conquer *Art* and *Nature*, to be rude.  
 Modern good-breeding carry to its height,  
 And Lady *D*— self will be polite.

Ye rising fair! Ye bloom of *Britain's* Isle!  
 When high-born *Anna* with a soften'd smile  
 Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,  
 What seems most hard, is *not* to be well-bred.  
 Her bright example with success pursue,  
 And all, but adoration, is your due.



But adoration? give me something *more*,  
 Crys *Lyce*, on the borders of *threescore*;  
 Nought treads so silent as the foot of *Time*:  
 Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime;  
 'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told;  
 The melancholy news that we grow old.  
 Autumnal *Lyce* carries in her face  
*Memento mori* to each publick place.  
 While rival undertakers hover round,  
 And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,  
 Intent not on her own, but others doom,  
 She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.  
 In vain the cock has summon'd sprights away,  
 She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.  
 Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,  
 And nought of *Lyce* but herself is old.  
 Her grizzled locks assume a *smirking* grace,  
 And art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face.  
 Her strange demand no mortal can approve,  
 We'll ask her *blessing*, but can't ask her *love*.  
 O how your beating breast a Mistress warms  
 Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms!  
 She grants indeed a Lady *may* decline,  
 (All Ladies *but* herself) at *ninety-nine*.

O how unlike her was the sacred age  
 Of prudent *Portia*? Her gray Hairs engage,  
 Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline.  
*Virtue's* the paint that can make wrinkles shine,  
 That, and that only can old age sustain;  
 Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.  
 Not numerous are our joys, when life is new,  
 And yearly some are falling of the few;  
 But when we conquer life's meridian stage,  
 And downward tend into the vale of age,  
 They drop *a-pace*; by nature some decay,  
 And some the blasts of fortune sweep away;  
 'Till naked quite of happiness, aloud  
 We call for Death, and shelter in a shroud.

Where's *Portia* now?—but *Portia* left behind  
 Two lovely copies of her form, and mind.  
 What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,  
 Like blushing rose-buds dipt in morning dew?  
 Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,  
 And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?  
 The mind when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,  
 Drives at the mercy of the wind, and tide;  
 Fancy, and passion tofs it to and fro,  
 A-while torment, and then quite sink in woe.

Ye beauteous orphans! since in silent dust  
 Your best *example* lies, my *precepts* trust.  
 Life swarms with ills, the boldest are afraid,  
 Where then is safety for a tender maid?  
 Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,  
 And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!  
 When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,  
 The least obliging; and by favours, lost.  
 Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,  
 And scorn you for those ills themselves create.  
 If on your fame *our* sex a blot has thrown,  
 'Twill ever stick, thro' malice of your *own*.  
 Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies;  
 And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:  
 Then please the best: and know, for men of sense  
 Your strongest charms are native innocence.  
 Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,  
 Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.  
 In simple manners all the secret lies,  
 Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise:  
 Vain show, and noise intoxicate the brain,  
 Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.  
 Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise,  
 Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.

Your

Your sex's glory 'tis to shine *unknown*.  
 Of all applause, be fondest of your own.  
 Beware the fever of the mind! that thirst  
 With which this age is eminently curst.  
 To drink of *pleasure* but inflames desire,  
 And abstinence alone can quench the fire,  
 Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,  
 Give peace in hand, and promise blifs to come.

F I N I S.





LOVE of FAME,  
THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE VI.  
On W O M E N.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the  
Lady *Elizabeth Germain.*

---

*Interdum tamen & tollit Comœdia vocem.*

---

HOR.

---

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL, for GEORGE EWING;  
at the *Angel and Bible* in *Dame's-street.*

M DCC XXVIII.

THE

UNIVERSITY OF

SATIS

OF



LIBRARY

1800

1800

Printed by S. P. B. for George...



## SATIRE VI.



Sought a patroness, but sought in vain.

*Apollo* whisper'd in my ear--"*Germain.*

I know her not—"Your reason's somewhat odd ;

" Who knows his patron, now ? reply'd  
" the God.

" Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown ;

" Then steal great names to shield them from the Town.

" Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,

" To covert flies, of *praise* itself afraid ;

" Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,

" In vengeance write a Volume in *her* praise.

" Nor think it hard so great a length to run ;

" When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye Fair! to draw your excellence at length,  
 Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;  
 You, *here*, in miniature your pictures see;  
 Nor hope from *Zincks* more justice, than from me.  
 My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side*;  
 His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench* your pride;  
 He's *dear*, you *frugal*; chuse my *cheaper* lay,  
 And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.

*Lavinia* is *polite*, but not *prophane*;  
 To *Church* as constant, as to *Drury-lane*.  
 She decently, *inform*, pays Heav'n its due;  
 And makes a civil *visit* to her *Pew*.  
 Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,  
 Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *prayer*:  
 Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace succeed,  
 Not one the Fair omits, but at the *creed*.  
 Or if she joins the Service, 'tis to speak;  
 Thro' dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break;  
 Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*  
 To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.  
 But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;  
 For they're before their Maker,—— and *mankind*:

When



When ladies once are *proud* of praying well,  
*Satan* himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well bred,  
*Drusa* receives her visitants in bed.

But chaste as ice, this *Vesta* to defie  
 The very blackest tongue of calumny,  
 When from her sheets her lovely form she lifts,  
 She begs, you *just* would *turn you*, while she *shifts*.

Those charms are greatest which decline the sight,  
*That* makes the Banquet poignant, and polite.  
*There* is no woman, where there's no reserve;  
 And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers *starve*.

But with the modern Fair, meridian merit  
 Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit*.  
 Mark well the rowlings of her flaming eye,  
 And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.  
 " Or if you take a Lyon by the beard, \*  
 " Or dare defie the fell *Hyrcanian* Pard,  
 " Or arm'd Rhinoceros, or rough *Russian* Bear,  
 First *make your will*; and then *converse* with Her.  
 This Lady glories in profuse expence,  
 And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence*.

To beggar her gallant is *some* delight,  
 To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*.  
 Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?  
 In *duel* fell two lovers, one run *mad*,  
 Her *foes* their honest execrations pour;  
 Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.  
 Thrice happy they! who think I boldly *feign*,  
 And startle at a Mistress of my brain.

*Flavia* is constant to her old Gal'ant,  
 And generously supports him in his want.  
 But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,  
 A hell, no Lady so polite can bear.  
 She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains  
 Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.  
 Nor least advantage has the Fair to plead,  
 But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.

*Amasia* hates a Prude, and scorns restraint;  
 Whate'er she is, she'll not *appear* a faint:  
 Her soul superior flies formality,  
 So gay her air, her conduct is so free,  
 Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*—  
 Nor wou'd they be mistaken, if they shou'd.

Unmarry'd

Unmarry'd *Abra* puts on formal airs ;  
 Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant prayers.  
 Her only grief is, that she cannot be  
 At once engag'd in *prayer*, and *charity*.  
 And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,  
 " *Who wou'd not think that Abra was a maid ?*

Some Ladies are too beauteous to be wed,  
 For where's the man that's worthy of their bed ?  
 If no disease reduce her pride before,  
*Lavinia* will be raviſht at threescore.  
 Then she ſubmits to venture in the dark ;  
 And nothing, now, is wanting——but her ſpark.

*Lucia* thinks happineſs conſiſts in ſtate ;  
 She weds an *ideot* ; but ſhe eats in *plate*.

The goods of fortune, which her ſoul poſſeſs,  
 Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happineſs ;  
 The rude *material* ; *Wiſdom* add to *this*,  
*Wiſdom* the ſole *artificer* of bliſs.  
 She from herſelf, if ſo compell'd by need,  
 Of *thin content*, can draw the ſubtle thread ;

But (no detraction to her sacred skill)  
If she can work in *gold*, 'tis better still.

If *Tullia* had been blest with *half* her sense,  
None cou'd too much admire her excellence.  
But since she can make *error* shine so bright,  
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.  
With understanding is she quite o'er-run ;  
And by too great accomplishments undone.  
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,  
For ever most *divinely* in the *wrong*.

*Naked* in nothing should a woman be,  
But veil her very *wit* with *modesty* ;  
Let man *discover*, let not her *display*,  
But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,  
To make themselves *important*, men must *grieve*,  
*Lesbia* the fair, to fire her jealous Lord,  
Pretends, the Fop she laughs at, is ador'd.  
In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence,  
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

*Mira* endow'd with every charm to bless,  
Has no *design* but on her husband's *pence* ;



He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd  
 At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.  
 " *How charming this?* — The pleasure lasted long;  
 Now every day the fits come thick, and strong;  
 At last he found the Charmer only *feign'd*;  
 And was diverted, when he *should* be pain'd.  
 What greater vengeance have the Gods in store?  
 How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more?  
 She tries her thousand arts, but none succeed:  
 She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*:  
 Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,  
 Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.

Anxious *Melania* rises to my view,  
 Who never thinks her Lover pays his due;  
 Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;  
 Her Majesty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.  
 His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,  
 As uneyl'd hinges, querilously shrill.  
 " You went last night with *Celia* to the ball."  
 You prove it false, " Not go? that's worst of all."  
 Nothing can please her, nothing *not* inflame;  
 And arrant *contradictions* are the same.

Her

Her Lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen,  
His *mirth* is an inexpressible sin.

For of all *Rivals* that can pain her breast,  
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest;  
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful self  
Is, if her Lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair,  
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare?  
How would *Melania* be surpriz'd to hear  
She's quite deform'd? and yet the case is clear.

What's female beauty, but an air divine  
Thro' which the mind's all gentle graces shine?  
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;  
The body *charms*, because the soul is *seen*.  
Hence, men are often captives of a face,  
They know not why, of no peculiar grace;  
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can bear;  
Some, none *resist*, tho' not exceeding fair.

*Aspasia*'s highly born, and nicely bred,  
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read,  
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,  
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.

"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"

She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn to night.

Her delicacy's shock'd where-e'er she goes,

Each *creature's imperfections*, are her woes.

Heav'n by its favours has the fair distressed,

And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.

Ah! why so vain, tho' blooming in thy spring,

Thou *shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched* thing!

Old age *will* come, disease *may* come before,

*Fifteen* is full as mortal as *threescore*.

Thy fortune, and thy charms may soon decay;

But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,

Their basis totters, their foundation shakes,

Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks:

Then, *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine,

The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.

*Julia's* a manager, she's born for rule,

And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool*;

Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle thread*

That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;

For difficult amours can smooth the way,

And tender letters *dictate*, or convey.

But

But if depriv'd of such important cares,  
 Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.  
 For her *own* breakfast she'll *project a scheme*,  
 Nor take her *Tea* without a *stratagem*;  
 Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face,  
 Important by the virtue of *grimace*.

Ladies supream among amusements reign,  
 By nature born to *sooth*, and *entertain*;  
 Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies,  
 Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wise*?

*Syrena* is for ever in extreams,  
 And *with a vengeance* she commends, or blames,  
 Conscious of her discernment, which is good,  
 She strains too much to make it understood.  
 Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;  
 Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

*Brunetta's* wife in actions great, and rare;  
 But scorns on *wifles* to bestow her care.  
 Thus every hour *Brunetta* is to blame,  
 Because the occasion is beneath her aim.  
 Think nought a *trifle*, tho' it small appear;  
 Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;

And



And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,  
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with *Alicea*, there you'll see  
*Simplex munditiis*, to the last degree.  
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,  
And what she has of head-dress is aside.  
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;  
Unwashes her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.  
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves;  
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.  
Gloves by queen *Besses* maidens might be mist,  
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.  
Lovers beware! to wound how can she fail  
With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail?  
For *H*———y the first *wis* she cannot be,  
Nor cruel *R*———d the first *toast* for thee;  
Since full each other station of *renown*,  
Who would not be the greatest *Trapes* in town?  
Women were made to give our eyes delight,  
A female *sloven* is an odious sight.

Fair *Isabella* is so fond of *same*,  
That her *dear-self* is her eternal theme;

Thro'

Thro' hopes of contradiction oft she'll say,  
 " Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"  
 When most the world applauds you, most beware;  
 'Tis often less a *blessing*, than a *snare*.  
 Distrust *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;  
 And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.  
 The breath of *others* raises our renown,  
 Our *own* as sure blows the pageant down;  
 Take up no more, than you by worth can claim,  
 Least soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,  
 Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*.  
 So far is Worth from making glory sure,  
 It often hinders what it *should* procure:  
 Whom praise we *most*? the virtuous, brave, and wise?  
 No; wretches, whom in secret we despise.  
 And who so blind, as not to see the cause?  
 No rival's rais'd by such *discreet* applause;  
 And yet, of credit it lays in a store,  
 By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the more.

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*;  
 Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?

So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,  
To pay its loss, they think *all* others *few*.  
Who hold that crime so dear, must never claim  
Of *injur'd modesty* the sacred name.

But *Clio* thus. "What, railing without end?  
"Mean task! how much more generous to commend?"  
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,  
My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.

"*Daphnis*, says *Clio*, has a charming eye:  
"What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry?  
"*Aspasia's* shape indeed—but then her air—  
"The man has parts who finds destruction, there.  
"*Almeria's* wit has something that's divine;  
"And wit's enough—how few in all things shine?  
"*Selina* serves her friends, relieves the poor—  
"Who was it said *Selina's* near threescore?  
"At *Lucia's* match I from my soul rejoice,  
"The world congratulates so wise a choice;  
"His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—  
"But mortgages will sap the best estate.  
"In *Sherley's* form might cherubims appear,  
"But then—she has a *freckle* on her ear."  
Without a *but*, *Hortensia* she commends,  
The first of women, and the best of friends;

Owens her in person, wit, fame, virtue bright;  
But how comes this to pass?—she dy'd last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at Satire rail;  
Indeed *that's* needless, if *such* praise prevail;  
And whence such praise? our virulence is thrown  
On *others* fame; thro' fondness for our *own*.

Of rank, and riches proud, *Cleora* frowns;  
For are not *coronets* akin to *crowns*?

Her greedy eye, and her sublime address

The height of *avarice*, and *pride* confess.

You seek perfections worthy of her rank;

Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.

By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroll'd,

For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.

As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *Gir*,

And quite as much detested, as a *Whor*.

Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine?

Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom* from the mine?

Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less

To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*.

That happiness which great ones often see,

With rage and wonder, in a low degree.

**Then—**



Themselves unblest: the poor are *only* poor;  
 But what are they who *droop* amid their store?  
 Nothing is meaner than a wretch of *state*;  
 The *happy* only are the truly *great*.  
 Peasants enjoys like appetites with Kings,  
 And those best satisfied with cheapest things.  
 Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense*;  
 Our envy wou'd be due to large expence.  
 Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,  
 Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.  
 See, how they beg an alms of flattery?  
 They languish! oh support them with *alms*!  
 A *decent competence* we fully taste;  
 It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast:  
 More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;  
 The rich must *labour* to possess *their own*,  
 To feel their great abundance; and request  
 Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest;  
 To *see* their treasures, *hear* their glory told,  
 And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth divine,  
 Give gold a price, and teach its beams to *shine*,  
 All *hoarded* treasures they repute a load,  
 Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.

Grand *reservoirs* of publick happiness,  
 Thro' *secret* streams diffusively they bless;  
 And while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,  
 Relieve our *wants*, and spare our *blushes* too.  
 But Satire is my task, and *these* destroy  
 Her gloomy province; and malignant joy.  
 Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,  
 And blast our common enemy, G——n:  
 But our *invectives* must despair success,  
 For next to *praise*, she values nothing less.

What picture's yonder loosen'd from its frame?  
 Or is't *Asturia*? that affected dame?  
 The brightest forms, thro' *affectation*, fade  
 To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made;  
 Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,  
 We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes;  
 In *Albucinda's* native grace is seen  
 What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.  
 Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,  
 Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please.  
 Here, might I sing of *Memmia's* mincing mein,  
 And all the movements of the soft machine;

How

How two red lips affected *zephyrs* blow,  
 To cool the *bohea*, and inflame the *bean*;  
 While one white *finger*, and a *thumb*, conspire  
 To lift the *cup*, and make the *world* admire,

*Tea!* how I tremble at thy fatal stream;  
 As *Lethe*, dreadful to the *love of fame*.  
 What devastations on thy banks are seen?  
 What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have been?  
 A *Hecatomb* of characters supplies  
 Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.  
*H— P— B—* asperst by thee, decay,  
 As grains of finest sugars melt away,  
 And recommend thee more to mortal taste:  
*Scandal's* the sweetner of a *female* feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,  
 And thy revolting *Naiads* call for *wine*;  
*Spirits* no longer shall serve *under* thee;  
 But reign in thy own cup, *exploded Tea!*  
*Citronia's* nose declares thy ruin nigh;  
 And who dares give *Citronia's* nose the lye? \*

The Ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,  
 And what impair'd both health, and virtue, blam'd;

At length to rescue man, the *generous* lass  
 Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.  
 As glorious as the *British* queen renown'd,  
 Who *suckt* the poyson from her husband's wound.

Nor to the *glass* alone are nymphs inclin'd,  
 But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O *Juvenal*! for thy severer rage!  
 To lash the ranker follies of our age.  
 Are there among the females of our isle  
 Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile*?  
 There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd,  
 And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd,  
 Without thin *decency* held up to view,  
 Naked she stalks o'er *law*, and *gospel* too.  
 Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,  
 Men sigh in vain, for *none*, but for their *wives*;  
 Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,  
 And wed one man, to wanton with a score.  
 Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,  
 And one eternal tempest of debate.  
 What foul eruptions from a look most meek?  
 What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek?

Their



Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand;  
 But then, their *reason* is at due command.  
 Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?  
 Trust no foul with the secret—but his wife.  
*Wives* wonder that their conduct I condemn,  
 And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them?

What swarms of amorous *grandmothers* I see?  
 And Misses, *antient* in iniquity?  
 What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming?  
 What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming?  
 Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,  
 Such griping avarice, such profuse expence,  
 Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,  
 Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,  
 Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,  
 Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,  
 Such dissolution thro' the whole I find,  
 'Tis not a world, but Chaos of mankind.

Since *Sundays* have no balls, the well-drest *Belle*  
 Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *hell*;  
 And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,  
 Who listen less to C———ns, than St. Paul.

Atheists have been but rare, since nature's birth;  
 "Till now, she, atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.  
 Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs  
 This daring character, in timorous things,  
 Who start at *feathers*, from an *insect* fly,  
 A match for nothing—— but the *Deity*.

But not to wrong the fair, the muse must own  
 In this pursuit they court not *fame* alone;  
 But join to that a more substantial view,  
 " From thinking free, to be free agents too.  
 They strive with their own hearts, and keep them down,  
 In complaisance to all the fools in town.  
 O how they tremble at the name of *prude*?  
 And die with shame, at thought of being *good*?  
 For what will *Artimis* the rich and gay,  
 What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?  
 They Heav'n despise, to earth's vile dregs a slave,  
 Thro' cowardice, most execrably brave.  
 With our own judgments durst we to comply,  
 In virtue should we live, in glory die.  
 Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise,  
 They dread a Satire; who despise the skies.

Atheists

Atheists are few ; most nymphs a godhead own,  
 And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.  
 From Atheists far, they stedfastly believe  
 God is, and is almighty — to *forgive*.  
 His other excellence they'll not dispute ;  
 But *mercy*, sure, is his chief attribute.  
 Shall pleasures of a short duration chain  
 A lady's soul in everlasting pain ?  
 Will the great author us poor worms destroy,  
 For now and then a *sip* of transient joy ?  
 No, he's for-ever in a smiling mood,  
 He's like themselves ; or how cou'd he be good ?  
 And they blaspheme who blacker schemes suppose —  
 Devoutly, thus, *Jehovah* they depose  
 The *pure* ! the *just* ! and set up in his stead  
 A Deity, that's perfectly *well bred*.

“ Dear *T—l—n* ! be sure the best of men ;  
 “ Nor thought he more, than thought great *Origen*.  
 “ Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd ;  
 “ Poor *Satan* ! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.  
 “ Let priests do something for their one in ten ;  
 “ It is their *trade* ; so far they're honest men.  
 “ Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,  
 “ And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black* ;

- “ Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,  
 “ From joys of this, to keep them all their own.  
 “ Of earth’s fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;  
 “ But then they leave our *untiyth’d virtue* free,  
 “ *Virtue’s a pretty thing to make a show*,  
 “ Did ever mortal write like *Rochefoucault*?

Thus pleads the devil’s fair apologist,  
 And pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;  
 Nature disjoins the *beauteous*, and *prophane*.  
 For what’s true beauty, but fair virtue’s *face*?  
 Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?  
 She, then, that’s haunted with an impious mind,  
 The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.

But charms decline; the Fair long Vigils keep:  
 They sleep no more! \* *Quadrille* has murder’d sleep.  
 “ Poor K——p! cries *Livia*; I have not been there  
 “ These two nights, the poor creature will despair.  
 “ I hate a crowd—— but to do good, you know——  
 “ And people of condition shou’d bestow.  
 Convinc’d, o’ercome, to K——p’s grave matrons run,  
 Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son;

\* *Shakespeare.*

Let



Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;  
And beggar half their race — thro' *charity*.

Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite*,  
I less shou'd blame this criminal delight;  
But since the gay assembly's gayest room  
Is but an upper story to some tomb,  
Methinks we need not our *short* beings shun,  
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.  
We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,  
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills,  
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills,  
Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,  
Destroys the pow'r, and will of doing good,  
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,  
And what is still more dreadful — spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,  
The *scandal*, and the *ruin* of our isle!  
And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,  
A form divine high wave her snowy hand;  
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,  
Which loud as thunder on the board she knocks.  
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,  
From *Æolus's* cave impetuous broke;

From

From this small cavern a mixt tempest flies,  
 Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!  
 For men, I mean, the Fair discharges none;  
 She (guiltless creature!) swears to heav'n alone.

See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles swell!  
 Like the mad maid in the *Cumean* cell,  
 Thus that divine one her *soft* nights employs!  
 Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!  
 And when the cruel morning calls to bed,  
 And on her pillow lays her aking head,  
 With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,  
 The *die* spins lovely, or the *cards* go round;  
 Imaginary ruin charms her still,  
 Her happy lord is cuckold'd by *Spadil*:  
 And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,  
 He marks the forehead of her *darling* son.

O scene of horror, and of wild despair!  
 Why is the rich *Atrides*' splendid heir  
 Constrain'd to quit his antient lordly seat,  
 And hide his glories in a mean retreat?  
 Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?  
 Why pale distraction thro' the family?  
 See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,  
 And trembling servants from the tempest creep.

Why

Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent?  
 What fiends that *daughter's* destin'd match prevent?  
 Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?  
 O nothing, but last night — my lady play'd.

But wanders not my Satire from her theme?  
 Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame*?  
 Though, now, your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd;  
 'Twas, first, a *vain devotion* to the *mode*.  
 Nor cease we *here*, since 'tis a vice so strong;  
 The torrent sweeps all womankind along.  
 This may be said in honour of our times,  
 That none, now, stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.

If sin you must, take nature for your guide,  
 Love has some soft excuse, to sooth your pride;  
 Ye fair apostates from love's antient pow'r!  
 Can nothing *ravish* but a *golden show'r*?  
 Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?  
 Must *Cupid* learn to *punt*, ere he can *please*?  
 When you're enamour'd of a *list* or *cast*,  
 What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chast*?  
 Can *fame* like a *repique*, the soul entrance?  
 And what is *virtue* to the *lucky chance*?  
 Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?  
 They find no woman disengag'd — from play.

Why

Why pine the *marry'd*? O feverer fate!  
 They find from play no disengag'd — *estate*.  
*Flavia*, at lovers false *untouch'd*, and *hard*,  
 Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.  
 Nor *Arria*'s bible can secure her age;  
 Her threescore years are shuffling with her Page.  
 While *death* stands by, but 'till the game is done,  
 To sweep *that stake*, in justice, long *his own*;  
 Like old cards ting'd with sulphur she takes fire;  
 Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.  
 Ye Gods! with *new* delights inspire the fair;  
 Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen* close  
 In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose*: —  
 Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,  
 In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed.  
 Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,  
 Advice to *right*, confirms us in the *wrong*.  
 I hear you cry, " This fellow's very odd."  
 When you chastise, who would not kiss the rod?  
 But I've a charm your anger shall controul,  
 And turn your eyes with coldness on the *vole*.

The charm begins! To yonder flood of light  
 That bursts o'er gloomy *Britain*, turn your sight.

What



What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with awe?

Her deeds are precepts, her example, law.

'Midst empire's charms, how *Carolina's* heart

Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art*?

Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,

Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:

When in my page, to ballance numerous faults,

Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts,

She smil'd, *industrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew

From whom my pen the *borrow'd* lustre drew.

\* Thus the majestic mother of mankind,  
To her own charms most amiably blind,  
On the green margin innocently stood,  
And gaz'd indulgent on the chrystal flood;  
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,  
And smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

† In more than civil war, *while patriots storm*;  
*While Genius is but cold, their passion warm*;  
*While publick good aloft, in pomp, they wield,*  
*And private interest skulks behind the shield;*

*While*

\* *Milton.*      † *Lucan.*

*While M—t, and W—ns rise in weekly might,  
 Make presses groan, lead senators to fight,  
 Exalt our coffee with lampoons; and treat  
 The pamper'd mob with ministers of state;  
 " \* While Atè hot from hell makes heroes shrink,  
 " Crys havock, and lets loose the dogs of ink;  
 Nor rank, nor sex escapes the general frown,  
 But ladies are ript up, and cits knockt down;  
 Tremendous farce! where even the victor bleeds,  
 And he deserves our pity, that succeeds;  
 Immortal Juvenal! and thou of France!  
 In your fam'd field my Satire dares advance;  
 But cuts herself a track, to you unknown,  
 Nor crops your laurel, but wou'd raise her own;  
 A bold adventure! but a safe one too;  
 For, though surpast, I am surpast by You.*

\* Shakespear.



F I N I S.

LOVE of FAME,  
THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE  
THE LAST.

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

---

*Carmina tum melius, cum venerit IPSE, canemus.*  
VIRG.

---



---

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel* and  
*Bible* in *Dame's-street*, MDCCXXVIII.







# S A T I R E

## T H E L A S T.

**O**N this last labour, this my closing strain  
 Smile *Walpole*, or the nine inspire in vain!  
 To thee 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,  
 Where *Brunswick's* glory crowns the whole design?  
 That glory, which thy counsels make so bright;  
 That glory, which on thee reflects a light.  
 Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!  
 To give, and take a lustre from the throne.

N O R think that thou art foreign to my theme;  
 The fountain is not foreign to the stream.

How all mankind will be surpriz'd, to see  
 This flood of *British* folly charg'd on thee ?  
 Yet, *Britain*, whence this caprice of thy sons,  
 Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs ?  
 The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;  
 For caprice is the daughter of success,  
 (A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause !)  
 And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;  
 Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,  
 And lulls us in the downy lap of peace.

W H I L E I survey the blessings of our isle,  
 Her arts triumphant in the Royal smile,  
 Her publick wounds bound up, her credit high,  
 Her commerce spreading sails in every sky,  
 The pleasing scene recalls my theme agen,  
 And shews the madness of ambitious men,  
 Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,  
 And burn to give mankind a single lord.

THE follies past are of a private kind,  
 Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd;  
 But daring men there are (awake, my muse,  
 And raise thy verse) who bolder frenzy chuse;

Who

Who stung by glory, rave, and bound away,  
The world their field, and human-kind their prey.

THE *Grecian* chief, th' enthusiast of his pride,  
With rage and terror stalking by his side,  
Raves round the globe; he soars into a God!  
Stand fast, *Olympus*! and sustain his nod.  
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,  
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.  
What slaughter'd hosts: what cities in a blaze!  
What wasted countries! and what crimson seas!  
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,  
And cries of Kingdoms lull him to repose.

AND cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise  
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?  
Why want we then encomiums on the storm,  
Or *famine*, or *volcano*? they perform  
Their mighty deeds, they hero-like can slay,  
And spread their ample desarts in a day.  
O great alliance! O divine renown!  
With dearth, and pestilence to share the crown!  
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,  
Earth's builder and preserver they blaspheme.

ONE to destroy is murder by the law;  
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;  
 To murder thousands takes a specious name,  
*War's glorious art*, and gives immortal fame.

WHEN after battel I the field have seen  
 Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men;  
 A nation crush'd! a nation of the brave!  
 A realm of death! and on this side the grave!  
 Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,  
 This human chaos, carry smiles away!  
 How did my heart with indignation rise!  
 How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!  
 How was I shockt, to think the hero's trade  
 Of such materials fame and triumph made!

How guilty these? yet not less guilty they,  
 Who reach false glory by a smoother way;  
 Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,  
 And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords!  
 Who stifle nature, and subsist on art,  
 Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;  
 All real kindness for the shew discard,  
 As marble polish'd, and, as marble hard.

Who



Who do for gold what christians do thro' grace,  
 " With open arms their enemies embrace."  
 Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;  
 " The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine."  
 Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,  
 And in their height of kindness are unkind.  
 Such courtiers were, and such again may be,  
*Walpole*, when men forget to copy thee.

H E R E cease, my muse! the *Catalogue* is writ,  
 Nor one more candidate for fame, admit,  
 Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame  
 Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim.  
 Be this their comfort, fools omitted here  
 May furnish laughter for another year.  
 Then let *Crispino*, who was ne'er refus'd  
 The justice yet of being well abus'd,  
 With patience wait; and be content to reign  
 The pink of puppies in some future strain.

S O M E future strain, in which the muse shall tell  
 How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.

How

How commentators each dark passage shun,  
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,  
And every vice is to the scripture laid.

How misers squeeze a young, voluptuous peer,  
His sins to *Lucifer* not half so dear.

How *Verres* is less quality'd to steal  
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,  
That clients are redrest, 'till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport,  
And even denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,  
And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes.

THIS swarm of themes that settles on my pen,  
Which I, like summer-flies, shake off again,  
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay  
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey.

That

That duty done, I hasten to compleat  
My own design ; for *Tonson's* at the gate.

THE love of fame in its effects survey'd  
The muse has sung ; be now the cause display'd :  
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,  
What is this power, whom all mankind obey ?

SHOT from above, by heaven's indulgence came  
'This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,  
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,  
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.  
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,  
Wise laws were fram'd, and sacred arts were found ;  
Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,  
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast ;  
It bids *Argyle* in fields and senates shine,  
What more can prove its origin divine ?

BUT oh ! this passion planted in the soul  
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,  
The flaming minister of virtue meant,  
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

AMBITION, hence, exerts a doubtful force,  
Of blots, and beauties an alternate source,

Hence *Gildon* rails, that raven of the pit;  
 Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;  
 And in art-loving *Scarborough* is seen,  
 How kind a patron *Pollio* might have been:  
 Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,  
 And into coxcombs burnishes our fools;  
 Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,  
 And *Newton* lifts above a mortal height,  
 That key of nature, by whose wit she clears  
 Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

WOULD you then fully comprehend the whole,  
 Why, and in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul?  
 (For tho' in all, not equally, she reigns)  
 Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

YE doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,  
 As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose,  
 As if a letter'd dunce had said "'tis right,"  
 And *Imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

TO glorious deeds this passion fires the mind;  
 'And closer draws the ties of humankind,  
 Confirms society; since what we prize  
 As our chief blessing, must from others rise.

AMBITION in the truly noble mind  
 With sister-virtue is for ever join'd;



As in fam'd *Lucrece*, who with equal dread  
 From guilt and shame, by her last conduct fled;  
 Her *Virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,  
 And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;  
 But, when the slave was threatned to be laid  
 Dead by her side, her *love of fame* obey'd.

I N *meaner minds* ambition works alone,  
 But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,  
 That not more like in feature, and in mien,  
 \* The God and mortal in the comic scene.  
 False *Julius*, ambusht in this fair disguise,  
 Soon made the *Roman* liberties his prize.

N O mask in *basest minds* ambition wears;  
 But in full light pricks up her as's ears,  
 All I have sung are instances of this,  
 And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Y E Vain! desist from your erroneous strife;  
 Be wise, and quit the false *sublime* of life.  
 The true ambition there alone resides,  
 Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;

Where inward dignity joins outward state,  
 Our purpose good, as our atchievement great,  
 Where publick blessings, publick praise attend,  
 Where glory is our motive, not our end.  
 Would'st thou be fam'd? have those high deeds in view,  
 Brave men would act, tho' scandal should ensue.

BEHOLD a prince! whom no swoln thoughts inflame;  
 No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;  
 But when the welfare of mankind inspires,  
 And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,  
 Proud conquest then, then regal pomps delight;  
 Then crowns, then triumphs sparkle in his sight;  
*Tumult and noise* are dear, which with them bring  
 His peoples blessing to their ardent king:  
 But, when those great heroic motives cease;  
 His swelling soul subsides to native peace;  
 From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,  
 A sudden foe to splendor, and applause,  
 Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,  
 'Till men and angels jointly shout his name.  
 O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;  
 O blest ambition! which can ne'er be vain,

FROM

FROM one fam'd *Alpine* hill, which props the sky;  
 In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,  
 Here burst the *Rhone* and sounding *Po*, there shine  
 In infant rills the *Danube* and the *Rhine*;  
 From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,  
 Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

IN *Brunswick* such a source the muse adores,  
 Which publick blessings thro' half *Europe* pours,  
 When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,  
*Angels* and *George* are rivals for the fame;  
*George*, who in foes can soft affections raise,  
 And charm envenom'd satire into praise.

\* NOR *human* rage alone his pow'r perceives,  
 But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves.  
 Even storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,  
 And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.  
 Thus, *nature-self*, supporting *man's* decree,  
 Styles *Britain's* sovereign, sovereign of the *Sea*.

WHILE *Sea* and *Air*, great *Brunswick*! shook our state,  
 And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,

Depriv'd

\* *The King in danger by Sea.*

Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and prest with fear  
Of ever losing what she held most dear,  
How did *Britannia* like \* *Achilles* weep,  
And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep?  
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,  
Strive, for thee, with the surge, and fight the storm?

What felt thy *Walpole*, pilot of the realm?  
Our *Palinurus* † slept not at the helm,  
His eye ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,  
And outwatch every star, for *Brunswick's* sake.  
By thwarting passions tost, by cares oppress'd,  
He found thy tempest pictur'd in his breast.  
But, now, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,  
No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;  
His own, which *Nature* and the *Graces* form,  
At will, to raise, or hush the civil storm.

\* *Hom. Il. l. 1.*

† *Ecce Deus ramum Lethaeo rore madentem, &c. Virg. l. 5.*

F I N I S.





